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A NEW PORTRAIT OF PARIS:

PAINTED FROM LIFE.

"Paint me as I am."—CROMWELL.

"Now being from Paris recently,
This fine young man would show his skill."
—[illegible]

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Author's First Five Days in Paris—How in London he was Amazed and in Paris Delighted—The Effect of Paris upon him in the Morning—His First Breakfast and How Famous it Was—How he Astonished a Native and Received a Gratuitous Lesson From Him—How, when in Cowes, he Does as Cows Do—How he was Anxious Not to Pass for a Foreigner—What he Thinks of the Plasticity and Distinguishability of Americans—How he got a Glimpse of Louis Napoleon—His Portrait of Him—What he would Think if he Saw Such a Looking Man in New York.

I have thus far described only a few incidents of my first day in Paris. And what a day it was! I shall not soon forget it. As before stated, I had just come from London.

That vast metropolis had bewildered me with its immensity, and oppressed me with its magnificence. It loomed up in the background of my memory like a gloomy old picture by Salvator Rosa. Paris, on the other hand, as it lay out before me in all its Summer glory, encircled by a double wreath of trees; reclining upon the banks of the sweet-flowing Seine; and basking beneath a sky of more than Italian purity and softness, painted itself upon my mind with all the transparent beauty of a city by Canaletti, and the atmospheric brilliance of a landscape by Claude.

In London, you are amazed; in Paris you are delighted. Looking out upon the former from the proud dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, you exclaim, instinctively, "How grand!" Gazing down upon the latter from the turreted heights of Notre Dame, you cry out, enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" The English capital oppresses you like a primeval forest; the French fascinates you like a perennial garden. London commands your reverence like a potentate; Paris wins your admiration like a coquette. With the one you deliberate, with the other you flirt. Upon London you make a formal call, with Paris you spend the afternoon and take tea. To the British cockney you touch your hat and "move on;" with the Gallic cockney you shake hands and smoke a cigar. The American traveller spends a week in London and a month in Paris, and returns home thinking of the one and dreaming of the other, resolved all the while to revisit France before he dies, but to go by the way of England.

There was a charm about the beautiful city which was inconceivable. I put up at a curious and venerable hotel, the air of which was so familiar, that a strange home-feeling took possession of me, as if I had stopped there before. Who knows but what, in some pre-existent state I had; for the multangular old house had such an ancient look that Nature seemed to have adopted it as her own,

"And granted it an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

Every object about me seemed like an old acquaintance. The narrow street and spacious courtyard reminded me of Havana. The vernacular of the place recalled New Orleans. The Englishmen about reminded me of London. There was an Irishman there whom I had known in Dublin, and a Scotchman with whom I had taken snuff in Edinburgh and at Loch Lomond. Even the landlord seemed like an old friend, for he reminded me of a favorite host in Rio Grande, while a merchant from Canada carried me back to Quebec and the falls of Montmorency. And it was perhaps the combination of these facts, that made me feel as if my little barque of life had suddenly backed water, and glided stern first into an old familiar port.

When I awoke from my first night's sleep, instead of being startled by the novelty of the things about me, and by the strange noises in the street, the very chairs seemed to open their arms to me, my umbrella seemed absolutely to fraternise with the poker in the corner, and the plaintive cry of the milkmaid echoing through the streets sounded as familiar to me as "Home, sweet Home." The sensation was delightful. I hurried on my clothes and rushed down stairs. Save now and then a sonorous snore, serving as a melodious bass to the tinkling fountain in the courtyard, the house was still as the grave. I found the outer gate bolted. I tapped at the door of the concierge, (portress) and in a minute the bolt was sprung, the gate flew open, and I was in the street.

Day had just cracked; in a few moments it broke. I walked instinctively toward the river. The great city was just opening one eye, and beginning to yawn. It had "slept soundly," like a certain great statesman, who now sleeps more soundly than ever, though he "still lives." Newsmen were abroad, with papers still moist with the sweat of the editor's brow. I bought the *Constitutionnel*, and was relieved to learn from Dr. Veron, that the Prince President, (now his Imperial Majesty,) who at the last accounts had a boil on his left thigh, was as well as could be expected. Presently I encountered a postman, in stiff glazed hat and crimson-collared coat, [illegible] assorting his letters in a patent-leather box swung around his neck, and serving also as a portable writing-desk, to which his right ear served as a convenient ink-carrier. The butchers, bakers, and wine-dealers, were just opening their shops. I noticed that these were all fronted with ornamental iron railings, and that the butcher's shops had neither door nor window-sash, the strong iron-work answering for both. I attributed the fortified state of these establishments to the fact that revolutions being of such common occurrence in France—being in fact a kind of necessity to the people, like wine and tobacco—such precautions are absolutely indispensable. When "liberty, equality, and fraternity" are rampant, provisions, it would seem, are in rather brisk demand. Eating and drinking are about the only permanent institutions in the land: Grub and Grog are everywhere great facts, like Gog and Magog.

While making these reflections, I ought to have been looking out for my eyes; for a dwarfish little lad, bearing on his shoulders anything but a dwarfish ladder, came near running me through without so much as offering me a Jacob's ascent to heaven. I looked down on the fellow, and found he was a mural advertiser. Curiosity having overcome anger, I watched his movements for a while, and was amused to see him plant his infernal machine against every dead-wall he could find, and, running up the half dislocated rounds like an imp, cover the blank space, by means of stencil-boards and fancy colors, with immense advertisements for the million, announcing every species of article from the latest electro-magnetic panacea, to the hundred and fiftieth volume (just out) of Alexandre Dumas' autobiography. This explained to me the scarcity of job-printers in Paris, and the almost entire absence of advertisements in its newspapers. I could not help observing also, that the placards of the innumerable theatres were all of a uniform and diminutive size, and of the most modest appearance; and I learned subsequently that their uniform dimension was not a matter of choice, but was ordered by the all-powerful and all-meddling government—another impediment to the art of printing. The omnibuses now beginning to pass at the slow jog-trot which I presume is also prescribed by law (for the French animal, from the horse to the high-priest, is a poor law-stricken creature), I had a chance to peep into the comfortable, arm-chaired interior of these spacious vehicles, and to notice that every spare inch of space, from the broad-arched ceiling down, was covered with showy advertisements.

The city had by this time opened its other eye, and begun to wink with excitement. Market carts from the country were groaning by, drawn by stout-legged horses in outlandish harness, and driven often by buxom young women, whose rosy cheeks would seem to have been pecked into dimples by the birds. Hand-carts, also laden with produce, cracked along the flinty thoroughfares, dragged by stout hucksters, assisted by their bareheaded, wooden-shod wives, sometimes yoked by their side (in typical significance of wedlock), sometimes pushing on behind. Mustached young counter-jumpers lounge to their stores as if still dreaming of last night's adventures. Flashy young women, with mysterious bundles under their arms, trip homeward in suspicious haste. Black-eyed work-girls, whose pretty white caps were but little paler than the care-worn faces they strove to enliven with ribbons and flowers, stroll, basket in hand, to their workshops. Long lines of diminutive policemen (*sergents de ville*) hustle the passers-by, and march in bad time and worse temper to their several posts. Water-carriers, men and women, wheel mounted hogsheads of *l'eau fraiche* to their customers, stopping from house to house, drawing the cool liquid from the tap in streams which it is difficult to believe are not solid crystal, and carrying it in braces of iron-bound buckets, yoked to the neck, up never so many stories. Bakers' women trudge alone with huge baskets of bread, leaving *here* immense rolls from three to ten feet in length, *there* family loaves as large as the family-chair bottom. Fuel-dealers, bent double with bags of coal or racks of wood, cheerfully carry their heavy loads up a hundred or more slippery stairs. Outcast Jews, whose heritage in Sartor Resartus-dom appears to be its cast-off garments, weary you with their husky cry of "old clothes! old clothes!!" *Chiffoniers* and *chiffonières* (the distinction is sexual) grope along the gutters, and stirring every dirt heap on their beat with iron-tipped sticks or hookers, seize upon every morsel of rag, paper, bone, vegetable or bread, they can find, and toss it with marvellous dexterity over their shoulders into a long-backed conical basket, which they wear slung behind like an immense bustle. And finally—for my morning walk is about finished—crowds of working people of both sexes flock to cheap wine-shops, eating-houses, and milkeries, (*laiteries*,) to take their morning bite. The example is worth following, if only to change the scene, so I take an omnibus back to the hotel, and having made vain attempts during the ride to decipher the posters with which roof and sides were covered, feel, on getting out, as if my eye-lids had suddenly been changed into water-power printing presses, and for the last hour had been hard at work transferring to my poor retina an upside-down advertisement of every article for sale within the city.

The next thing was to get breakfast. Here now was a chance to try the famous French coffee, and still more famous bread. I had no sooner ordered a supply of these delicacies, than a lively waiter, glorying in the name of Fajux, spread a chalk-white cloth upon a little square table, arranged the necessary cutlery and crockery with military precision, and in a few moments placed before me a miniature coffee-pot (which looked as if it had just been borrowed from the nursery, and turned up its nose as if it didn't like to come), an immense pitcher, evidently stolen from "Rachael at the Well" (see somebody's picture at the Academy), a round silver plate, about the size of a dollar, containing a little pyramid of sugar cubes, and a gilt-edged cup and saucer about an inch thick, and much better adapted to the thick-lipped sons of Africa, than to the fine labial proportions of a Yankee. The tiny pot was filled with coffee of a consistency between a liquid and a paste (Day and Martin! what a dose!), while the huge pitcher held, as well as it could, about a gallon of boiling milk. I at once poured all the coffee into the cup—though with difficulty, for it ran like molasses in the winter—and then, American fashion, added a spoonful or two of milk, and (demolishing the pyramid) sweetened it to my taste. The compound duly mixed, I smiled a benediction upon it, and while moistening a slice of bread which I had just cut from a roll over three yards long, sipped it down as if instead of being Mocha it had been nectar. But the strength of the beverage was such that, after a few sips, I had to own up that it was beyond the strength of my poor nerves. Meanwhile a native, sitting at the next table, had been gazing at me with astonishment. He kept silent as long as his French nature could stand it, and then, violently shrugging his shoulders at the risk of dislocating them, and drawing in his round head (the French all have round heads) like a turtle, he sifted a *mon Dieu!* through his mustaches, and, evidently for the purpose of giving me a lesson, ordered coffee for himself.

Presently he was served; but instead of turning all the coffee into his cup, he poured in about two spoonsful, and then filled it up with the boiling milk, and added four or five pieces of sugar. This done, he cut his bread longitudinally into four pieces, and, taking them in turn, dipped each into the foaming mixture, and sopped away till his cup was dry; moreover, by dint of jerking open his [illegible] mouth, like a shark, he conducted the operation [illegible] dampening his luxurious beard; his shirt bosom was protected by a huge napkin or bib, [illegible] round his neck, *a la baby*. I observed also that the remains of the sugar were at once and unblushingly transferred to his trousers pocket—a practice, as I afterward learned, which so far from being contrary to French jurisprudence, was only a nice exhibition of French economy and justice. In fact, to deny to a Frenchman the privilege of pocketing his extra sugar, would be an invasion of his domestic rights, sooner than submit to which he would swallow all he could lay his hands on, at the risk of sweetening himself into a preserve, and dying ignominiously of dyspepsia.

The next time I took coffee, I pocketed the extra sugar myself, though not, I confess, without the feeling that I was guilty of petty larceny. But I adhere to the good old injunction: "When in Cowes, do as cows do." Moreover, I was especially anxious not to pass for a foreigner, and I so far succeeded, that after a year's residence, I had to take a freshly arrived American with me to certify that though I neither chewed, shaved, bragged, spoke through my nose, wore black trousers, whistled, nor whittled, I was nevertheless a genuine and incorruptible Yankee.

I have often observed, however, that Americans lose their nationality sooner than any other people. They *assimilate* easily—much more so, for instance, than the English. I can

"Smell the blood of an Englishman"—

anywhere. You can no more transfigure one of them into a Frenchman, than you can transform a bull into a butterfly. Let him disguise himself as he will, and often does, with the most savage mustache and imperial; feed him for a twelvemonth on frogs and *fricandeaus*; let him live for a lifetime in the *Quartier Latin*, among students and grisettes, yet he will never lose his identity, but will always remain the same stolid sulky old Briton.

I have recently (to anticipate my story) seen Paris alive with Englishmen. They had come over with the Lord Mayor and his Aldermen, to be feted and fed by the portly Prefect. They amused the good people for a fortnight. They were to be found everywhere, and had John Bull (horns and all) been branded on every forehead, they would not have been a whit more easy to recognise. I could distinguish them with the naked eye at the top of the Pantheon—especially the Aldermen. Their big round faces, "fragrant with the mince pies of half a century," and flanked with huge collars rising from their short Durham necks like bulwarks; their plain, pulpy, yet neat "highly washed" appearance, together with their self-satisfied mein and sturdy gait, made them as conspicuous among the light-built, dapper Frenchmen, as a herd of elephants tramping through a bird-market.

Americans are not to be distinguished so easily; they are more dissolvent, and unite more readily with the mass. They are not so afraid, to borrow an old Quaker expression, of "getting into the mixture." They are more sympathetic and genial. A young, not to say a green people, are naturally so. Perhaps, when our national character becomes better formed, when it shall have become hardened and enameled by time, we shall be as stubborn and unyielding as the English. We are certainly not so now, and it is scarcely worth one's while to trouble himself about a distant and facetious posterity.

But to return. I had just finished my breakfast, when suddenly every one in the coffee-room rushed to the door, and my next-table neighbor, dragging me by the arm, informed me that "that scoundrel (*scelerat*) of a Napoleon was passing by." Anxious to see the princely adventurer, I joined the crowd, and was lucky enough to get a good look at him.

I should have known the rogue, even from the caricatures I had seen of him in *Punch*. He had a face of bronze. It told no tales. It hadn't blushed for twenty years. The eyes were small, dark, and partially eclipsed. The forehead, of average height, and neither concave nor convex, seemed, like the rest of the face, to be in the act of retiring from observation. The mouth was fortified by an impenetrable moustache. The nose was long (such as his uncle liked), and served to steady the whole face—like a flying-jib. The ears, also, were long, and so was the head—long and narrow, like an Irish mile. The general characteristic of the face was want of expression, and a certain demure, ruminating air, like that of a cow.

He is a man of middling height, and neither lean nor fat. He has an upright carriage, a firm step, and a look of unconcerned security, as if he were overinsured. Moreover, he is a sumptuous liver, a free-lover, a fast rider, a good whip, and a dead shot.

If I should see such a looking man in New York, he would probably attract my attention by his swarthy complexion, his luxuriant moustache, curled up like a crescent, his small discreet eyes, and his long arched nose, setting the seal upon his countenance, and giving it the expression of an "Israelite indeed, in whom there is" *much* "guile."

CHAPTER XII.

How the Reader is to be Initiated.—How the French are as much a Mystery to the Author as ever.—His Failure for Three Years to form any Idea of them.—What would have happened if he had been an Ambassador,—or a Consul,—or a Dyspeptic Clergyman.—The Author proceeds with his Work.—How he got Settled.—His Color at this Time.—His Philosophy of First Impressions.—A few Words more about the Hotel Corneille.—The Author's Notions about Landlords.—What Solemn Creatures they are in America, etc., etc.

It is well to inform the untravelled reader that he is to be initiated into a knowledge of Paris (so far as he depends upon this work for the ceremony), exactly as fast and as far as I myself was; and, truth to say, that was neither very fast nor very far.

The French are as much a mystery to me now, as they were before I crossed the little but imperious channel which, despite the cunning intervention of steam, and the cunninger sub-vention of electricity, separates France forever and ever from old England.

During the three years that I spent among them, all my attempts to form a general and comprehensive idea of their national character (so that I might compare it with our own, if peradventure we have one, which, under favor of the stars and stripes, may be doubted) were completely futile.

They seemed to me alternately the gayest and the saddest, the most profound and the most superficial, the most religious and the most sceptical, the most humane and the most [illegible], the bravest and the most cowardly, the most polished and the most vulgar, the cleanest, and the dirtiest, the best and the worst of all civilized people.

Moreover, I found my judgment in these respects varying according to the state of the weather, the state of my digestion, the state of the funds (generally low), etc., etc. But, in the end, I came to the conclusion that I was neither a philosopher nor a sage, and, therefore, that for me to attempt to be critical or profound, or to see anything more than the surface of Paris, would be utter folly. Happy indeed shall I be, thought I, if I come at last, like the great Balzac, to have a profound knowledge even of the surface of things.

A very comfortable and comforting state of mind this, which saved me a world of trouble; for thenceforth I held it to be my mission (think of having a mission!) not to fathom nor explain, not to reconcile nor even to understand things, but merely to glance at them as they went by (for everything seems to be going by in Paris), and to submit my observations to an indulgent [illegible] public, without further comment.

Had I been an Ambassador [illegible] or a Consul sent "to" Paris to [illegible] which the vulgar, unofficial mind will not apprehend, but which, doubtless, has some awful significance at the "[illegible] Office" at Washington) to complete [illegible] relations and embarrass small [illegible]; or a clergyman sent abroad by his tender-hearted congregation, to get cured of a dyspepsia in French [illegible]; or a "regular correspondent," commissioned to frequent Paris salons, and worm out the state policy and family secrets of Prince Napoleon; in either of these cases, I should doubtless have acquired, at once, 1st, a perfect knowledge of the French language; 2d, a perfect knowledge of French institutions (eleemosynary and other); and 3d, a perfect knowledge of the French character. But, unfortunately, I was only a private individual, *pure et simple*, and, therefore, could hope for no such success. Wait till I am a Plenipotentiary.

But to proceed with my work. At the last accounts, the author was uncomfortably settled in the higher latitude of a Student's Hotel; had made several peculiar acquaintances, visited one or two peculiar institutions, got an inkling of student-life (apart from its studies), and was gradually making—or, in default of this, wishing—himself at home.

He was still very green, with a dim prospect of changing color. He knew just enough of French to make himself perfectly unintelligible, and just enough of Paris to find his way to bed (accidents excepted) without a pilot.

But what could be expected in two days? More, come to think of it, than might at first be supposed; for after the second day there is an end of first impressions, and, these over, we begin to ratiocinate and form opinions. We become, then, more conceited, less susceptible, less observant, less conscientious even, and overlook or neglect many little details which, seen at first, would have arrested attention and made their mark. Hence, in most cases, a man's impromptu decision on anything wholly new to him is much preferable to what is called his "sober second judgment." Indeed, as a general rule, we care less what a man *thinks* than what he *feels*, or, in other words, for his final sentence, than for his first sensation. It may be so with the reader, in which case he will not demur at my dwelling a little longer on my first experiences. He has already accompanied me in my first walk across the city, attended by the garrulous Baptiste, has "assisted" at the hiring of my first room, and the eating of my first meal, and [illegible], excited by these varied scenes, he may be disposed to exclaim with Mr. Cobden: "What next?—and next?"

And first of all, a few words more about my new quarters. The Hotel Corneille was wholly unlike any other in Paris. It was *not* a hale-fellow-well-met hotel. It had little to say to the mere visitor, and to the mere passer-by, nothing. Its latch-string was never out, and its landlord never in. Moreover, it had no sign offering refreshment to either man or beast. The stranger within its gates was equally a stranger when he was out of its gates. It stood solemnly aloof from all other buildings, as if the architect had been alarmed by the warning of Isaiah: "Wo unto them that join house to house."

Instead of being kept, it appeared to keep itself. Built after the fashion of clock-makers, it might be described as an eight-year hotel, warranted to run for that length of time, without being wound up [illegible]—"if not, to be returned." But despite this, it was a very cheerful house to live in, and if it lacked the oriental virtue of hospitality, could boast the occidental virtue of homeliness; hospitality [illegible] guests, and at the Corneille there were no guests, but only children of the house.

I must confess, here, that the apparent absence of a landlord was to me a very refreshing fact. All my traditions of hotel-keepers were disagreeable; the old English type (familiar to us all as a picture) I knew only through books; and, to tell the truth, the rotund, good-natured fellow, prompt, polite, proud of his guests, omni-present when wanted, omni-sent when not wanted, with a face beaming with fun and an eye twinkling with delight—this charming ideal of a landlord has always been to me a complete myth, or, at best, an extravagant caricature, drawn by some strolling poet or painter, in more than payment of his small bill.

The real landlord, as he exists in my mind, is a pompous animal, who after graduating from some subterranean bar-room, and assuming the insignia of his office, (heavy gold chain, enormous seal-ring, huge hunting watch, etc.,) has become so much too big for his office, as to be in constant danger of immediate collapse or explosion.

I never spoke to one of the august creatures, nor approached one, except with the feeling that I did so, as the boys say, "within an inch of my life." I am not sure that they themselves ever speak at all; and, indeed, judging from appearances, their mouths are never put to any less dignified purposes than eating, drinking, smoking, and spitting. Their communications with the vulgar public are made through highly-starched and double-gilt proxies, who give you the impression, at first sight, of mechanical lay-figures or puppets stationed behind the counter by joint subscription of neighboring tailors, shirt-makers, boot-makers, jewellers, barbers, perfumers, hair restorers, tooth-pick manufacturers, fancy washerwomen, etc., to exhibit their respective wares and handicraft. These proxies (who, after all, are not lay-figures but living beings, supposed to have hearts, lungs, souls, and other human apparatus,) may, in certain humiliating conditions, be addressed, especially if the interrogatories put to them admit of a categoric or pantomimic answer. If brevity be the soul of wit, these solemn flunkies are the wisest people in the world; while if confining one's conversation to "aye, aye," and "nay, nay," constitute any vital part of christianity, they are certainly to be saved in the next world, however heartily they may be damned in this. But to return to the Corneille.

I said that the landlord was never in, and that the house kept itself. It would have been more correct to say that the worthy man was never in to callers, and that instead of his keeping the house, the chief business of the house was to keep him. I was his guest for several days without finding him out—the worthy lady whom I had mistaken for him being his mother!

It was on the fifth day, I think, that my attention was called by Racke (surely the reader has not forgotten Racke) to a dapper little man, seated cosily on two chairs and a half, in a remote corner of the coffee-room, [illegible] smoking a pipe.

"That," said my friend, with bated breath, "that is our Host! And"—Racke never could resist a pun—"a very Catholic Host, he is." I at once proposed an introduction, and resolving to worm myself—or, rather, as a more agreeable process, to smoke myself—into his good graces, I immediately drew one of my own pipes (I always go armed with a brace), and charging and lighting it, asked my friend to present me to the little gentleman, which he did in his usual style, thus:

"Monsieur F. allow me to present to you a brother smoker from America, Monsieur C."

"Monsieur C., this is my friend Monsieur F., the best of landlords," [here a [illegible] shrug from the landlord] "and the most indefatigable of smokers," [here an [illegible] puff from the smoker] "in the world."

We each accepted the presentation with characteristic expressions of gratitude, Monsieur F. giving me his "word of honor," that he was enchanted to make my acquaintance, and I assuring him, on the faith of my [illegible] [illegible] long pipes and short pipes, clay pipes and porcelain pipes, wooden, meerschaum, Turkish, and German pipes, the interview winding up with a learned discussion on the best mode of coloring the ordinary clay pipe, then in hand. I found that this business of coloring (culotting) pipes was my landlord's chief occupation. He was at it from morning to night, and had raised it to the dignity of a science, or, at least, of an art; and should smoking come, in his day, to occupy the place it deserves in our seminaries of learning, I have no doubt he will at once take rank as one of its most accomplished professors.

But to return. Most of the hotels in the neighborhood were under the immediate inspection of the police, who went in and out of them with the air of vested proprietors—as if, in fact, they owned the entire QUARTIER, and had a large interest in the general WHOLE! But our house seemed to form an exception; in truth the police force was looked upon by most of our company as the common enemy, and when the dirty cocked hat of one of them darkened our coffee-room door, it was stared at with such hostile amazement by all present, that its wearer generally took himself off without delay, and went into the next street to heal his wounded dignity and recover his self-respect, (for policemen are the same the world over), by bullying a crowd of small boys, or insulting a helpless woman.

[To be continued in our next.]

OH, IF MY LOVE WERE DEAD.

Oh, if my Love were dead,
If her sweet soul had fled
Where flee the hours,
Then might I raise my head,
And bless the arrow sped,
That laid her beauteous head
Beneath the flowers.

Then might I raise a shrine,
In this lone heart of mine
To her sweet name;
A pure, immortal shrine,
Beaming with light divine,
Burning, O God, like thine,
With love's bright flame.

The grave alone is sure;
The dead alone endure,
Alone are true;
Oh, were my love secure
From earth's insane allure,
Did all the gods pursue her,
I'd bravely woo.

Oh, if my Love were dead,
If her sweet soul had fled
To Paradise,
Then had she ne'er been led
To bow her beauteous head,
While the dread altar bled
With sacrifice.

But though my Love is wed,
And droops her stricken head
In foreign bowers,
And I cry: O, were she dead,
I'd bless the arrow sped
That laid her beauteous head
Beneath the flowers;

Yet, on the plaintive air,
Whose broken echoes bear
To heaven her vow,
Ever I lift my prayer,
To him who ruleth there,
That not a cloud may dare
To shade her brow.

And I know that when the skies,
With their myriad golden eyes,
Weep o'er our clay,
Then will those golden eyes
Glow with a sweet surprise,
To see our spirits rise,
Married for aye.

LITERATURE OF WEDDED LOVE.

As we believe that the elements of high poetry exist wherever human hearts beat with true vital heat; and as we furthermore believe that the emotional and truly human life of a man and woman, so far from being over when, from lovers, they become husband and wife, then only begins to attain its full growth and capacity of bearing fruit and flower of perennial beauty and fragrance, we are tempted to inquire into some of the causes of this one-sidedness which we have charged the poets with, and to indicate briefly some of the real poetical capabilities of wedded love, and the sort of treatment they require in being wrought into actual poems.

The first and most obvious temptation to limit the poetical representation of love to the period before marriage, lies in the fact that this period seems spontaneously to supply that *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*, which narrative or dramatic poems are truly enough supposed to require. Courtship, in ordinary cases, divides itself into two phases, the termination of each of which is a point of definite interest, towards which all the incidents, all the talk, all the surprises, suspensions, difficulties, and triumphs, which make up the plot of a love-story, are directly subordinated. A man falls in love with a woman, and has to win his way by degrees more or less rapid and eventful, to her affection; this is the first phase, rich, as experience proves, in elements of poetical pleasure, which all men and women are capable of enjoying without effort. Then follows the period, richer still in all the materials for varied incident, in which the social arrangements come in to interpose obstacles between the lover and his mistress, and to keep the interest of the reader or spectator always on the stretch. The advantage is beyond all computation which this natural framework, made ready to his hand, confers upon the poet who seeks mainly to amuse his audience by a series of connected occurrences, in each of which the least cultivated, the least thoughtful, the least generous, can take an interest that demands no strain, scarcely any activity, of the imagination, the heart, or the reason. And the free, vigorous exercise of the imagination is so rare among mankind, that it is little wonder that poets have been content with making their appeals to sympathies that are sure to have been familiar to the hearts of their audience at some time or other in the actual experience of life, and need but the faintest outline of reality in the representation to awaken them again. But though it must be allowed that the love of husband and wife offers no such obvious and facile series of connected incidents, with well-marked divisions, and all tending, by due gradations of interest, to one event; and though in proportion as the interest of poetry is made to turn less on striking outward circumstances, a heavier demand is made upon the imagination of both writer and reader, and a more passive reception of familiar thoughts and feelings becomes no longer sufficient for the enjoyment of the poem; yet this only amounts to saying that poetry has some higher function than to amuse idle people, some nobler office in cultivating the heart, and enlarging the range of the inner life, than can be attributed to it so long as it merely strikes one chord of feeling, or at best plays over and over again, from the beginning of time to its close, the same old tune in different keys and on different instruments. It is indeed quite true that it would be impossible to mark the commencement of any poem, which should deal with ordinary wedded love as its main subject, by an event as definite as the first meeting of a man with his future mistress, or a feeling as definite, so distinct from his previous state of mind, as the first awakening of the passion that is to rule his life henceforward through the story. The same remark applies as forcibly to the want of any event equally definite with marriage to serve for a termination, unless all such poems were to have a mournful close, and end with a death-bed, or fall into the old tragic vein of seduction, adultery, and murder. We must candidly consent to give up that source of interest which lies in the changes produced upon the outward relation, upon the union or separation of outward existence between the two persons whose inner relations, whose mutual influence upon each other, and affection towards each other, are by supposition the subject of the poem. . . . There can be no want of incident so long as character influences fortune and fortune character; so long as the destinies of human beings in this world are carved out by their virtues and their vices; so long as wisdom and goodness sweeten the bitterest cup of adversity; so long as folly and wickedness infuse gall into the bowl of nectar which fortune hands her favorites in jeweled gold. It is the stupidity of poets which can see no incident in married life so long as the marriage vow is kept to the letter in the grossest interpretation of that letter; and which has for the most part induced them, when they have introduced married people at all, to use marriage to give a spicier piquancy to intrigue, or a darker glow to hatred and revenge.

But this notion of want of incident unfitting married love to be a subject for poetry is closely connected with another notion still more false, vulgar, and immoral.

The romance of life is over it is said with marriage; nothing like marriage, is the congenial reply, for destroying illusions and nonsense. In which notable specimens of "the wisdom of many men expressed in the wit of one," there are two remarkable assertions involved. The first is that love is an illusion; the second, that marriage destroys it. We may concede to the wisdom of the market-place thus much of truth, that the love which marriage destroys is unquestionably an illusion. We may also concede to it this further truth, that the love of husband and wife is no more the love of the man and woman in the days of their courtship, than the blossom of the peach is the peach, or the green shoots of corn that peep above the snows of February are the harvest that waves its broad billows of red and gold in the Autumn sun. If, indeed, there are persons so silly as to dream, in their days of courtship, that life can be an Arcadian paradise, where caution, self-restraint, and self-denial are needless; where inexhaustible blisses fall like dew on human lilies that have only to be lovely; a world from the conception of which pain and imperfection, sin, discipline, and moral growth are excluded, marriage undoubtedly does destroy this illusion, as life would destroy it were marriage out of the question. If, too, attracted originally to each other by some slight and indefinable charm, by some chord of sympathy vibrating in harmony at a moment's accidental touch, often by the mere force of the tendency at a particular age to what the great Florentine calls—

"Amor che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,
Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona,"

two young persons fancy that this subtle charm, this mysterious attraction, is endowed with eternal strength to stand the shocks of time, the temptations of fresh attractions, the more fatal because more continual sap of unresting egotism, ever active to throw down the outworks and undermine the citadel of love; and trusting to it alone, think that wedded happiness can be maintained without self-discipline, mutual esteem, and forbearance, without the charity which covers the defects it silently studies to remove; without the wisdom and the [illegible] of character to which profound and patient love can alone attain—this is another illusion which marriage will destroy. What is, however, generally meant by the sayings we have quoted, is, that there is nothing like marriage for taking the passion out of people, for taking out of them all disinterested aspirations, all noble hopes and fears, all delicacy of sentiment, all purity of mind, all warmth of heart—nothing like marriage for making them see, in respectable money-making, in respectable dinners, respectable furniture, carriages, and so forth, the be-all and the end-all of human existence. So far as marriage in our actual world realizes these noble predications; and, so far as it does, the result is mainly owing to the miserable views of life and its purposes which society instils into its youth of both sexes; being still, as in Plato's time, the sophist *par excellence*, of which all individual talking and writing sophists are but feeble copies—just so far is married love, if the phrase is to be so outrageously perverted, utterly unfit for any high poetry, except a great master of tragedy should take in hand to render into language the too common tragi-comedy of a human soul metamorphosing itself into a muck-worm. But surely every one can look round among his acquaintance, and find marriages that are not after this type, marriages which

"have wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind,
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find."

The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle—no base fear, because suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties! Once romance meant chivalry; and the hero of romance was the man who did his knightly devoirs, and was true and loyal to God and his lady-love. If with us it has come to mean the sensual fancies of nerveless boys, and the sickly reveries of girls for whose higher faculties society can find no employment, it is only another instance in which the present is not so much wiser and grander than the past, as its flatterers are fond of imagining. To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love exists, there exists the main element of romance; and that where the circumstances of life are most favorable for the development of these qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances, whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or, like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the true modern knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honor, and keep in sickness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life, and happiness, into his hands.

It may, however, be said that married life, when it is not utterly corrupted into crime and wretchedness; when, that is, it in any degree answers to its ideal—is necessarily monotonous; and that, though to the husband and wife it may be a perpetual source of discipline and delight, it offers no scope to the poet, whose story must march, his characters develop, and their passions and affections exhibit change, gradation, and culmination. We have already admitted so much of this objection, as to concede to the period before marriage greater facilities for marked gradations of interest depending on changes in the outward relations of the persons whose fortunes and feelings are being narrated. We have said that these outward relations once fixed by marriage, the action of the poem which is to depict married love must lie within narrow limits, and that its interest must depend on more subtle delineation of shades of character and feeling, on a perception, in a word, of those effects which spring from the conduct of the affections in married life, and those influences which circumstance and character combine to work in the affections, and which, slight and commonplace as some persons may choose to think them, are important enough to make human beings happy or miserable, and varied enough to account for all the differences that an observant eye can find in modern family life. And the fact, which few persons will dispute, that in our actual family life there is found, quite irrespective of distinctions of class and differences of wealth, every possible gradation of happiness and misery, of vulgarity and refinement, of folly and wisdom, of genial sense and fantastic absurdity, is a sufficient answer to those who talk of the monotony of married life as an objection to its fitness for yielding materials for poetry. In real truth, there is much more monotony in courtship than in marriage. A sort of spasmodic, and, to spectators well acquainted with the parties, a somewhat comical amiability is the general mask under which the genuine features of the character are hidden. Moreover, the ordinary interests of life become throughout that period comparatively insipid; and lovers are proverbially stupid and tiresome to every one but themselves. No doubt this has its compensating advantage for the poet, who transforms his readers into the lovers for the time being; but it certainly gives monotony to all manifestations of the passion in this its spring-time, which is not found in the same passion when the character has recovered from the first shock, and life, with all its interests, again enters into the heart, but invested with new charms and higher responsibilities, and with the deeper, fuller affections, swelling in a steady current through the pulses.

So much for those more obvious objections that may in great measure account for the almost universal rejection of married love as a theme for poetry. We do not care to argue against any one who says, much less any one who thinks, that it is only young men and women who are interesting. Even with respect to mere sensuous beauty, it is a great absurdity to suppose that its splendor and charm are confined to two or three years of early womanhood. "*Beaucoup de femmes de trente ans*," says a shrewd French writer, after enumerating the supposed attractions of youth in women, "*ont conservé ces avantages; beaucoup de femmes de dixuit ans ne les ont plus ou ne les ont jamais eu.*" Certainly no Englishman who uses his eyes needs this assurance; and no one who delights in the society of women can doubt that they continue to grow in all that charms the heart and intellect, in all the materials of poetry, after they become wives and mothers.

There is, however, one solid objection to the tenor of our remarks to which we are inclined to give great weight. We can fancy many persons, for whose opinions we have the highest respect, protesting against the intrusion of the poet into the recesses of married life, against the analysis of feelings that were not given us to amuse ourselves with, against

> "Those who, setting wide the doors that bar
> The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
> Let in the day."

Literature was made for man, and not man for literature. There are, unquestionably, scenes which the imagination had better leave alone, thoughts which should find no utterance in printed speech, feelings upon which the light and air cannot dwell without tainting them. But without in the slightest degree trenching upon ground that should be sacred to silence, we conceive married life as one of the most powerful influences at work upon the character and happiness of individuals and of nations, to present capabilities of noble and beautiful poetry, that, so far from weakening the strength or vulgarizing the delicacy of domestic affection, would exalt and refine it. We see no reason for supposing that the conjugal relation would suffer in purity of spontaneous power by being passed through the alembic of a great poet's imagination. If it became the subject of morbid poetry or of weak maudlin poetry—supposing such a combination of terms allowable—the same result would follow as from the morbid or weak treatment of any other powerful human emotion—the poet would influence only weak and morbid people. Nor do we see that the danger is really so great of getting morbid, trashy, unhealthy poetry on this subject as on the more familiar subject of love before marriage. It would demand qualities of genius which in themselves are a strong guarantee—the power and the taste of delineating subtle shades of character and feeling, a perception of the action of character upon fortune, an insight into the working of practical life upon the affections, and their reaction upon it. Such topics are not to the taste, or within the capacity, of melodramatic or sensualized minds; and whatever good poetry was produced on the subject would, as all good poetry does, abide and work upon the highest class of minds, and go on ever spreading its wholesome influence, and giving the tares less and less room to grow. Our domestic life is not so uniformly beautiful as that it may not be profited by having its faults, its shortcomings, its miseries, brought into the full light of consciousness, as only poets can bring them; and bright pictures of what that life might be, what it sometimes is in actual experience, may surely do good as well as give pleasure. But we are not so much concerned to vindicate a large field of strictly ethical teaching for poetry as to open to her almost untried and certainly unhackneyed regions of beauty, pathos, and varied human interest; to bid her cease to stop at the threshold, and boldly, fearlessly, and reverently, penetrate into the inner shrine of love—cease to sing forever of the spring-green and the promise, and remember that love has its flush of Summer and its glow of Autumn, and its Winter's lonely desolation.

One word before we close upon two special advantages to be anticipated from the habitual extension of poetical representation to married love. The subject, in the first place, interests mature men and women, who must feel, at the perpetual iteration of the first stage of passion in literature, much as if their bodily diet were confined to syllabub and sweetmeats. Poetry is comparatively little read by grown people who do not pretend to cultivate literature as a special study—mainly, we apprehend, because it confines itself to repeating, with a variety of circumstance, experiences which they have passed through, and of the partial and one-sided truth of which they have long ago been convinced by their more mature experience. A poetry which interpreted to them their own lives, which made them see in those lives elements of beauty and greatness, of pathos and peril, would win their attention, stimulate their interest, and refine their feelings, just as much as the same effects are produced by ordinary love-poetry on the young. We shall not argue the question whether the latter effect has been upon the whole for good or not; such an assumption lies at the root of all discussions upon particular extensions of the poetic range. To us it appears indisputable that, along with some perils, the representation of any phase of human life by a man of genuine poetic power is a step towards improving that phase practically, as well as an enlargement of the range of that life which forms so important a part of a modern man's cultivation, the life he partakes by imaginative sympathy.

A second advantage which we should anticipate from the proposed extension would be the creation of a literature which would, in some important respects, rival and outweigh any real attraction which the properly styled "literature of prostitution" may have for any but [illegible]. It may shock some good and innocent people to be told that such literature is attractive to any but abandoned men and women. A statistical account of the perusal of the worst class of French novels by the educated classes of this Christian and highly moral country would probably be a startling revelation. One can only say off-hand, that a familiar acquaintance with this class of works is commonly displayed in society; and the reasons are not very recondite. These novels depict a certain kind of real life without reserve; there is flesh and blood in them; and though some of their attraction is due to the mere fact that they border on forbidden ground, some to the fact that they stimulate [illegible] strong [illegible] in most men, and [illegible] revelations of [illegible] invested with the charm of a [illegible] happily not familiar to the actual experience of the majority of their readers, there can be little question that one strong attraction they possess is due to their being neither simply sentimental nor simply ascetic. In accordance with an established maxim, which tells us that *corruptio optimi pessima est*, these books are almost inconceivably worthless, even from an artistic point of view, but the passions of these novels are those of grown people, and not of babies or cherubim. We can conceive a pure poetry which should deal with the men and women of society in as fearless and unabashed a spirit, and which should beat this demon of the stews at his own magic—should snatch the wand from the hand of Comus, and reverse his mightiest spells; though doubtless, this task belongs more to prose fiction, as the objectionable works are themselves prose fictions. In the poems we have already mentioned this has been done. There is no reason why literature, or poetry in particular, should be dedicated *virginibus puerisque*; men and women want men's and women's poetry; the affections and the passions make up the poetic element of life, and no poetry will commend itself to men and women so strongly as that which deals with their own passions and affections. Again we say, we are not careful to guard our language against wilful misconstruction.—*Titan.*

Original Poetry.

JANUARY.

The woods are bare,
And here and there
The grey moss hangs its mournful hair;
The leaves sun-burned,
By fierce winds spurned,
Lie smoldering 'mid the soil inurned.

The leafless lines
Of trailing vines
Stretch harp-like through the sounding pines;
From their festoons
Ring solemn tunes,
As weird as any Northern runes.

Cold wind, white snow,
Sweeps fast, falls slow,
And chills the landscape's Autumn glow;
The ice-bolts freeze
The naked trees,
And seal the old Year's obsequies.

The days are cold,
The earth is old,
And mourns its Summer's squandered gold;
The birds are dumb,
The springs are numb,
And Winter in his might has come.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

THE FABLE OF ST. ANTHONY.

I.

St. Anthony, one pleasant day,
Beside the ocean preaching,
Drew all the fish, the legends say,
To listen to his teaching.
The porgies, tom-cods, herring,
Eels, oysters, sprats, and mermen,—
Each finster ocean there in,
Came crowding to the sermon.

II.

But though with saintly eloquence
He brought the fish to hear him,
When once he finished there was not
A single convert near him.
The scaly congregation
Averred 'twas wondrous winning,
'Twas splendid declamation,
And then—went back to sinning.

III.

And thus our modern Anthonies
Attract two-legged fishes,
And to repentant knees
Bring crowds of sinners vicious,
Who listen every Sunday,
[illegible]
And, on the following Monday,
Go sin as much as ever.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1859.

THE READERS of THE SATURDAY PRESS who wish to be well informed in literary matters, should attentively peruse the list of New American and English Books which is published every week in our columns. It is the most complete list of the kind in the world. It is our intention, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed, to furnish equally complete lists of German, French, Spanish, and Italian publications.

WE CONTINUE to be pestered by people who, not knowing, perhaps, of the existence of *The Ledger*, and other papers of that calibre,—or presuming that THE SATURDAY PRESS belongs to the same category,—persist in sending us bloodthirsty stories and milk-and-water verses. We wish to heaven that forty or fifty new flash papers might be started in the city at once, so that the extra supply of literary trash which those already existing have forced upon the market, might be in some measure disposed of. At any rate, let it be understood, once for all, that it is mere waste time to send any of it to this office, for we cannot undertake even the trouble of returning it. If the writers cannot do better, we recommend them to start a paper among themselves (called, say, *The Weekly Dodger*), in which they may print their nonsense without stint, and to which they may perhaps get a few thousand subscribers, and one or two more or less respectable contributors, by promising to pay over the proceeds of the enterprise to the "Mount Vernon Association," or to the "Society for the Conversion of the Jews."

THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

When a great city demands a new business thoroughfare, and private property stands in the way of the projected improvement, the law, holding the public interest to be paramount to that of the individual, compels the owner of such property to cede it for a just equivalent, for the common good. We see not why the same rule should not apply to the commercial highways of the world. If a small State, a mere dwarf in the family of nations, happens to occupy the very spot through which, above all others, it is desirable that a common highway between the two great commercial oceans should be constructed, is it reasonable, is it consistent with comprehensive justice, is it not rather treason to the general weal, to permit such a Lilliput to bar the commercing millions of the rest of the civilized world? Which should yield?—The pigmy State that thus mistakes its own true interest, or the mighty nation that claims a right of way through its territory, for the benefit of all mankind?

Aside from politics—with which we never meddle; aside from lawless enterprise—with which we have no sympathy; aside from all the petty jealousies and machiavellian intrigues, which may embarrass the question of a direct route from the Atlantic to the Pacific—this, it seems to us, is the simple issue to be considered and adjudicated. Can any enlightened, broad-minded man, of any party or creed, doubt what the verdict would be? When a certain English peer, from whose estates a number of tenants had been evicted for political reasons, was denounced in the British Parliament as a tyrant, he sheltered himself under the plea that "every man had a right to do what he pleased with his own." But it was denounced by the [illegible] statesmen and legislators of that body, to the satisfaction of the English people, [illegible] "noble lord" himself, that the [illegible] did not justify or excuse the [illegible] itself a [illegible]. The [illegible] applies as aptly to the government of Nicaragua [illegible] We tap China through her principal ports, despite her aversion to us as "outside barbarians." We demand that the long-sealed Empire of Japan shall receive our envoys, and open her markets to our merchandise. We do this in the name of [illegible] commerce, and international comity. [illegible] the same plea for requiring that a petty [illegible] block up a route designated by nature as [illegible] cosmopolitan road from the Western to the Eastern hemisphere. Has Nicaragua a right to do "what she will with her own," to the interruption of the commerce of the world?

This is a non-political, and, as it seems to us, a [illegible] tional view of the "Central American question."

BOSTON NEWS.

The Boston papers are remarkable, among other things, for having in nearly every instance a New York correspondent, whose unique business seems to be to prevent the "good Bostonians" from knowing anything that is going on in this city. This is particularly the case with the New York correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, who recently informed that enterprising and veracious sheet that THE SATURDAY PRESS had just reached its fifth number, and, owing to the support of the Book Trade, might, perhaps, live six months more. Now, whether we have reached our fifth or sixth number, is a matter of small consequence; but we beg our Boston readers to understand that neither the Book Trade, nor any other branch of trade, has had anything whatever to do with our success. The simple truth is that the public have long wanted a journal which should be entirely independent of its advertising columns; and they have, at last, found such a one in THE SATURDAY PRESS.

Doubtless, we could make much more money out of the "trade" aforesaid if we should plaster over their books with indiscriminate praise: for in that case they would pay us not only for advertising their books, but for puffing them, and humbugging the people. But we had rather THE SATURDAY PRESS should cease to exist than for it to continue upon any such terms. The moment it becomes the organ of any clique whatever, it will be shorn of its power, and then the sooner it ceases to exist the better.

We are of course aware, that, in case of most of the dismal prophecies indulged in on our account, the wish is father of the thought. This is natural. For so long as THE SATURDAY PRESS exists, it is a standing reproach to nearly every paper in the country. It proves that a paper can live without being Barnumized or Bonnerized. In a word, without being suborned.

We say this in no spirit of ill will, but simply because it is true. If the *Times*, or any other paper, chooses to infer from it that we are jealous of certain flash journals which it has helped to impose upon the public, why, we must submit to the taunt, though we know it to be as mean as it is unfounded. Jealousy of such papers as the *Flag of our Union*, the *Line of Battle Ship*, the *Ledger*, the *Constellation*, etc., is out of the question. They are sheets which we never see nor hear of, except through the newsboys; and which, of course, can compete only with each other.

We cannot help alluding, in this connection, to the intense anxiety exhibited by some of our contemporaries that we should die. We understand that several of them have already had prepared obituary notices of us, and are disappointed that they have been unable to include them in their necrological list of the past year. But this is one of those little grievances for which there appears to be no immediate remedy. At least we can offer none. THE SATURDAY PRESS has no more idea of dying than of selling its columns to the *Ledger*. It is not prepared for death.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION [illegible]

The Century, which discusses all sorts of matters in a certain profound and ponderous style which it seems to have invented,—and which, truth to say, admirably becomes that eminently respectable, though "too, too solid" sheet,—has grappled, àpropos of the [illegible] case, with the great Marriage Question. As the result of its august deliberations, *The Century* gravely suggests the establishment of a "Matrimonial Tribunal," before which every couple desirous of being made man and wife, should be required to appear. "The court," says the wise editor, "should thereupon convene a jury of matrons (a body not unknown to the law), to enquire, not into the physical, but the mental and moral capacity of the bride to enter upon the duties of wedded life. A body of respectable married gentlemen of mature years should perform a like office for the groom. Both parties should be examined as to their temper, tastes, education, and habits. If they pass successfully through this ordeal, a certificate or license should be awarded to the happy pair, authorizing them to call in the aid of the clergyman, or to be married with a simpler and cheaper ceremony by the nearest alderman or justice of the peace. The celebration of any marriage without a license should be prohibited under adequate penalties. We are not sure that our plan is likely to prove an unfailing panacea for the evils it proposes to remedy, but, such as it is, we submit it to the consideration of the Legislatures now about to assemble."

MOUNT VERNONISM.

One of our American weaknesses is a mania for hobbies. The one at present under the saddle is the "Glorious and Immortal Memory." A very excellent hobby in itself, but in great danger of being overjockeyed. This "Memory" is so mixed up with raffles, lotteries, orations, Jews, opera-dancers, mountebanks, etc., that if it were not internally glorious and immortal it would soon be disreputable.

In plain English, the memory of George Washington is the grand stalking horse of the day, and if Humbug could ride it to death there would soon be an end of it. The "Home and Tomb" are being retailed out "at fifty cents-worth;" any one purchasing a [illegible] interest to that amount in the property being entitled to a certificate, or coupon, representing his share in the Mount Vernon Stock. One large operator, holding some ten thousand dollars' worth of the Father-of-his-Country-scrip, will probably realize a hundred thousand dollars by the speculation. He may be considered the big "bull" of the glorious-and-immortal-memory market.

If the illustrious individual whose "sacred dust" is raffled for at ladies' fairs, [illegible] and opera [illegible], and made a basis for the circulation of a [illegible], could "revisit the glimpses of the moon," how would he relish such [illegible]? Fancy his fiery indignation at finding that he had unconsciously been made the [illegible] of a [illegible]! The dust of Cæsar "dead and turned to clay," as put hypothetically by Hamlet, is less suggestive of humiliating [illegible] than the "base uses" to which the remains of Washington are applied by the newspaper [illegible].

If Barnum was to blame for making money out of a [illegible] "name of Washington" [illegible] the relics of the "first of mankind" [illegible] the advertising columns of the press for [illegible] and making his catalogue an advertising [illegible] for "Sylvanus Cobb's last story"?

The wise and energetic [illegible] Ellsworth, who [illegible] and to Yale College [illegible]

[illegible]

LITERARY NOTES.

—Miss [illegible] Moore, [illegible] we may have [illegible] give us of Beecher, has compiled for Messrs. Derby & Jackson a volume of *Notes from Plymouth Pulpit*, being a collection of memorable, or otherwise, passages from the discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. Miss Moore's description of Mr. Beecher is altogether too ridiculous to be regarded seriously for a moment. We quite pity [illegible]. She says that "his neck is so short that he never ventures a standing-up collar—this, probably, in consideration for his ears." "His forehead is white and high, and shines like the brow of a sun-touched mountain," and "his body is as elastic as an india-rubber ball," etc., etc., to the extent of some sixteen pages. This absurd preface, however, should not prevent the reader from enjoying the volume, which is Beechery in the extreme—that is to say, a medley of sublime thought and unmistakable bathos.

—The rumor, denied at the time, that Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, was the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, is confirmed by the new British Museum catalogue.

—Mr. Andrew T. Graham, No. 348 Broadway, has published a valuable work on phonography—"The Hand-book of Standard or American Phonography." Mr. Graham is the author of several well known volumes on the short-hand system.

—*Anne of Geierstein*, in two volumes, is Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' last addition to their "Waverley." Two additional volumes will complete this series of Scott's novels. It is the best edition published in this country.

—The Athenian press, says a correspondent of the *Times*, has had occasion to record a fresh instance of that liberality, by which Greeks in foreign parts have so often testified the warm and lively remembrance in which they hold the land of their forefathers. Among the most prominent objects that attract the stranger's notice, as he approaches the city of Athens, is the neat structure of the Astronomical Observatory, that crowns the eminence called the "Hill of the Nymphs." This is the princely gift of a wealthy Greek, but an Austrian subject, Simon Sinas, who spent upon it not less than $50,000, besides large sums destined to assist other public institutions. This same patriotic individual has recently sent on to the Greek government, an offer to support two young men at Paris, while prosecuting their studies, to qualify themselves for astronomical observation at Athens. By the benefactions of Mr. Sinas and others, the noble library of the University has attained a size equal, if not superior, to that of the largest library in the United States.

—The New Athenæum Club is now fully organised, and has taken the house on the corner of Union Square (East side) and Thirteenth street.

—Bayard Taylor has brought home a large number of original water-color sketches of Grecian scenery, with engravings of which, he proposes to illustrate his forthcoming volume of travels.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson has been lecturing in Baltimore on the "Law of Success."

—The first number of the new volume of the *North American Review* contains the following papers:—Canonical Compurgation and the Wager of Battle; The Mount Vernon Memorial; Edmund Burke; Life and Writings of De Quincey; Abelard; Thompson's History of Boston; Bible Revision; Contemporary French Literature; Thompson's Life of Stoddard; White's Shakespeare; Critical Notices; List of New Publications.

—The *Chess Monthly* for January contains a professional story entitled "What Rowe Missed," and an historical paper on Philidor's Defence. The first game of the match by telegraph between New York and Philadelphia, is given with numerous interesting notes; also several of Mr. Morphy's games, and problems by Loyd, Paiten, Brown, and Weller. The editors have established a new department for correspondents. The [illegible]

—The American Antiquarian Society have completed another volume of *Archæologia Americana*, containing the original letters of Lane, the commander of the expedition to Roanoke Island in 1585, and a letter of Capt. Newport on the survey of James River in 1607—both from the State paper office, London, and the earliest manuscripts extant written in the United States—contributed by George Bancroft; a narrative, from manuscript, of a voyage to Greenland, in 1613, by one of the squadron of the Muscovy Company; the rare work of Josselyn on the Natural History of New England, edited by Prof. Tuckerman of Amherst College; and a paper on the Sacrificial Mounds of the Scioto Valley, by Mr. Haven, the librarian.

—An Index to the Catalogue of the Boston Public Library, with a number of cross-titles unequalled, to fifteen thousand volumes, is now ready, having been prepared from the books and card catalogues in six weeks, and printed in eight weeks more. When will the catalogue-makers of the Astor Library begin to exhibit equal expedition?

—Morcelli's great collection of Latin Inscriptions, containing his own as well those of rival scholars, on Napoleon I., which were expurgated during the days of the Bourbons, have been reproduced by Ferrucci at Pisa, and published at Paris with a dedication to Napoleon III.

—The first volume of the French Academy's new historical dictionary of the French language has just appeared.

—We have received the fifth number of *La Fleur de Lis*, a valuable little monthly magazine in French, edited by Mesdames Sawyer et Le Sage. It is published by H. H. Lloyd & Co., No. 348 Broadway.

—*A House to Let* is the title of an admirable Christmas and New Year's story by Charles Dickens, just published in pamphlet form by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price two shillings.

—The American Geographical and Statistical Society have made arrangements for the publication of a monthly journal, under the supervision of Rev. Dr. Hawks, the president of the society, and Messrs. Henry V. Poor and Egbert L. Viele. Each number is to contain 48 pages. It will appear about the 1st of February.

—Thomas D'Arcy McGee, formerly of Boston, now of Montreal, by turns patriot, soldier, and politician, has recently written a volume entitled "Canadian Ballads," which have been published by John Lovel, of Montreal.

—Contents of the *Christian Examiner*, No. CCXXI.: January, 1859:—The Moravian Brethren; Francis Quarles; Imagination in Theology; Carlyle's Frederic; The Two Religions; Dr. Furness and Dr. Bushnell; A Question of Words and Names; Review of Current Literature; Literary Intelligence; New Publications Received.

—Sir Bulwer Lytton's health has been impaired, and he has left London to pass a short time at his own seat in the country. This is the first occasion since his accession to office, in which the Colonial Secretary has allowed himself any relaxation from his official duties. Bulwer's "What Will He Do With It?" has just appeared in four volumes. Post octavo. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

—Thomas Carlyle was named as one of the judges to decide upon the merits of the Prize Ode in Commemoration of Burns, but declined serving, as he wished to devote all his time to his life of Frederick.

CONTENTS OF MAGAZINES.

The Southern Episcopalian for January:—Youth the Crisis of Character and Destiny—a Sermon by the Rev. [illegible]; Rev. H. H. [illegible] Last Sermon; [illegible]; Happiness; the Lark and the Caterpillar, a Lesson of Faith; the New Year; St. Philip's Church and Rev. Wm. Dehon; Letter to the Scholars of St. Luke's Sunday School, by the Rev. [illegible]; Diocese—Bishop Davis—Pinckney Lecture—Correction, &c., &c.; Circular, South Carolina Seminary; [illegible]; Foreign [illegible]

—The Scottish [illegible] Co. [illegible] Essay, [illegible] Explorations; By [illegible]; I Kissed the very [illegible]; A Letter from Europe; From Lamartine; Unpublished Letter of Béranger; Coffee; The [illegible] Family; The Land of [illegible]; Golden Hours; A Remembrance; Round Towers of Minorca; Romance of a Picture; Silence; Household Book of Poetry; Béranger's Autobiography; Facts, Anecdotes, and Literary Scraps; A Vision; Editors' Table, and Literary Notices.

New Books.

AMERICAN.

HISTORICAL.

The New England Theocracy: a History of the Congregationalists of New England to the Revivals of 1740. By F. H. Uhden. With a Preface by the late Dr. Neander. Translated by H. C. Conant. 12mo. $1 00. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The Annals of Newberry District. By John Belton O'Neall, LL.D. 1 vol. pp. 421. $1 25. S. G. Courtenay & Company, Charleston, S. C.

SCIENTIFIC.

Engineering Precedents for Steam Machinery; Embracing the Performances of Steamships, Experiments with Propelling Instruments, Condensers, Boilers, etc., accompanied by Analyses of the same; the whole being Original Matter, and Arranged in the Most Practical and Useful Manner for Engineers. By B. F. Isherwood, Chief Engineer, United States Navy. 8vo. New York: H. Baillière.

Hints to Craniographers, upon the Importance and Feasibility of Establishing some Uniform System by which the Collection and Promulgation of Craniological Statistics, and the Exchange of Duplicate Crania, may be Promoted. By J. Aitken Meigs, M.D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the Philadelphia College of Medicine; Cor. Sec. of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, etc. Paper, 8vo. Philadelphia: Merrihew & Thompson.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

A Memorial of the Futtehgurh Mission and her Martyred Missionaries; with Some Remarks on the Mutiny in India. By the Rev. J. Johnston Walsh, sole Surviving Member of the Futtehgurh Mission of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. 12mo. pp. 338. New York: Joseph M. Wilson.

Critical and Historical Introduction to the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament. From the German of W. M. L. DeWette. Translated and Enlarged by Rev. Theodore Parker. 3d edition. 2 vols. 8vo. $3 75. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Christian Union and the Protestant Episcopal Church in its Relation to Christian Unity. By W. H. Lewis, D.D. 16mo, New York: F. D. Harriman. 38c.

The Extent of the Atonement in its Relation to God and the Universe. By T. W. Jenkyn, D.D., F.G.S. New and Revised Edition. 12mo. $1 00. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Karl Keigler; or, the Fortunes of a Foundling. 16mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Company. 50c.

Hesper; the Home-Spirit. By Elisabeth Doten. 18mo. 75c. Boston: A Tomkins.

Tales About Animals. By J. Tillotson. Illustrated. 12mo. Extra cloth, gilt edges. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1 50.

By-and-By. By Virginia F. Townsend, author of "Buds from Christmas Boughs." 12mo. New York: R. L. Delisser. 63c.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Boys' and Girls' American Annual. Edited by T. Martin. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1 50.

Green's Nursery Annual. With Original Contributions from Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Abdy, Mary Howitt, and others. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1 00.

Jenny and the Insects, etc. Philadelphia: Am. S. S. Union. $2 00.

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EDUCATIONAL.

Rudiments of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. Designed for Younger Classes in Academies and for Common Schools. By Denison Olmsted. With Illustrations. 18mo. New York: Collins & Bros. 56c.

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Songs of the Woodland, the Garden, and the Sea. Small 4to. With Six Beautiful Illustrations. Colored. Beveled boards, gilt. New York: A. D. F. Randolph. $2 00.

LEGAL.

Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in Court of Appeals of the State of New York. By E. Peshine Smith. 3 vols. New York: Banks & Bros.

BIOGRAPHY, ETC.

Life of Mrs. Virginia Hale Hoffman, late of the Protestant Episcopal Mission to Western Africa. By Rev. George D. Cummins, D.D. 16mo. Lindsay & Blakiston.

A Memoir of the Life and Times of Isaac Backus. By Alvah Hovey, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Newton Theological Seminary. 12mo. $1 00. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

ENGLISH.

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A Gallop to the Antipodes; Returning overland through India, etc. By John Shaw, M.D., F.G.S., F.L.S., author of a Tramp to the Diggings, A Ramble through the United States, Recollections of Travel. 1 vol. 16s. 6d. London: T. F. Hope.

Two years in Syria. By I. Lewis Farley. London: Sanders & Otley.

Life in Victoria. By William Kelley. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall.

Scenery of Greece and its Islands. Fifty Plates, a Tour and Map. 4to. 42s. London: Longman & Co.

Peloponnesus: Notes of Study and Travel. By William George Clark, M.A. 8vo., with map. 10s. 6d. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

Aspects of Paris. By Edward Copping. 8vo. 7s. 6d., cloth. London: Longman, Brown & Co.

China: being the *Times'* correspondence from China, in the years 1857–58. Reprinted by permission, with corrections and additions, by the author, George Wingrove Cooke, author of the History of Party, etc. London: George Routledge & Co.

HISTORICAL, ETC.

Journal kept during the Great French Revolution. By Mrs. Dalrymple Elliot. Written at the express desire of His Majesty, King George the Third. 8vo. Illustrated. London: R. Bentley.

History of the Late War with Russia, in the different countries where it took place, from 1853 to 1856. By Léon Guérin, author of French Naval History. 2 vols. royal 8vo. London: Barthes & Lowell.

History of the Knights of Malta; or, The Order of the Hospital of St. John, of Jerusalem. By Major Whitworth Porter, Royal Engineers. 2 vols. 8vo., 5 illustrations. 24s. London: Longman, Brown & Co.

History of the City of Dublin. By J. T. Gilbert. 3 vols. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill.

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Medico-Chirurgical Transactions Published by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. XLI. Second series. Vol. XXIII. 8vo. pp. 468. Six Illustrations and Two Tables. 14s. Gilt top. London: Longman & Company.

On the Prevention and Treatment of Mental Disorders. By George Robinson, M.D., etc., Physician to the Newcastle and Gateshead Dispensaries; author of Contributions to the Physiology and Pathology of the Circulation of the Blood. 8vo. 6s. London: Longman & Company.

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Dictionary of Americanisms, by John Russell Bartlett. New Edition. 1 vol., 8vo.

History of the Northmen, by the late Henry Wheaton, LL.D. New Edition, with additions.

Art Items.

— Mr. G. G. Fish has just completed a portrait of little Ella Burn, which is now on exhibition at the pianoforte rooms of Boardman, Gray & Co., corner of Broadway and Broome street.

— The second annual convention of the National Art Association will be held at the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, on the 11th day of January, 1859. A very full attendance is expected. Several artists of this city are to attend. The object of the convention is to induce Congress to appoint three commissioners from their number, to superintend all matters connected with art, so far as government is concerned. Large sums of money have been expended upon the decorations of the Capitol and other public buildings, in wall fresco, in sculpture, and in painting, most of which works are claimed by the artists, to be not only unworthy of the country, but disgracefully bad. To correct this evil is the main object of the convention. If they succeed in rescuing the Capitol decorations from the hands of ignorant workmen who have hitherto designed and executed them, they will do a good work. These matters have hitherto been entrusted to the Library Committee of the House of Representatives, who have delegated it to Capt. Meigs of the army, the general superintendent of the Capitol extension.

— Mr. F. A. Boyle, well known in New York, but now a resident of St. Louis, has lately exhibited several portraits and other pictures in that city, which are spoken of by the papers in terms of approbation.

— Mr. Hubbard is engaged upon a commission from Mr. Walters of Baltimore. This gentleman has given many artists commissions, and with an enlightened liberality rarely met with in America, neither limits them to size, price, or subject. A man of high artistic culture, he is enabled to understand the position and requirements of artists. His gallery bids fair to be the best in the country, since few if any are selected with the same tact and discrimination.

— Lovers of pictures will find in the "studio" in 10th street an exhibition of pictures, open at all times and free to all. The same may be said of the gallery in Dodworth's building, near Grace church, Broadway. Changes are being made every day, so that the visitor is sure of variety.

— The first Artists' Reception of the season took place on Tuesday evening last. These receptions are given in Dodworth's hall, by a body of artists, who issue invitations and entertain their guests with a display of their own and foreign pictures. There were about five hundred guests present at this reception, including many distinguished characters.

The number of pictures exhibited was about a hundred. We do not remember to have seen so fine a collection before in this city. Much attention was attracted by a very lovely female head, called "Ephemera," by Mr. Greene, which was both charming in color, expression, and sentiment. Another, a portrait of a lady, by W. O. Stone, [illegible] in sentiment, [illegible] Leutze [illegible] a girl, half smothered in her [illegible] in her maturing years the [illegible] of a novel. It is very finely drawn and beautifully conceived. The admirers of Huntington were glad to see another of his pictures, painted since his return from Europe. Two heads by Baker, and especially a group of girls in the shade of trees, were decided favorites. Mr. Gray's cabinet portrait of an artist's wife, is a gem of color and composition.

These were among the more prominent of the figure pieces. They were all unusually good, and indicate a decided improvement in this branch of art. But, as in all other collections of late, the landscapes attracted most attention, which was justified in this instance by their general excellence. Mr. Shattuck sent two landscapes. In one, the romantic shores of Mt. Desert island under a peculiar effect of storm-light was very successfully rendered. It was almost the first coast scene we have noticed lately that was not pilfered from the French or English schools. The other, an Autumn picture of Androscoggin scenery in the State of Maine, with a distant peep of the White Mountains, was generally conceded to be the best landscape in the collection. It is a large picture, full of landscape incident, crowded with elaborate detail, evincing long and earnest study of nature, and withal imbued with a delightful sense of the subtile and romantic loveliness of the Autumn-time. Mr. Durand contributed several of those elaborate studies from nature, of rocks and trees, which, with all the truth and general fidelity of the pre-Raphaelites, so gracefully avoid the unsentimental and insignificant detail of that school. A large picture by Wenzler, quite pre-Raphaelitic in effect, provoked attention by the spirit of fidelity with which it had been painted. Mr. W. O. W. Dana, whose pictures have not been much seen in New York, contributed several, all of which evinced marked ability, and were distinguished for picturesque effect. They are so much loaded with the mannerism of the French school, that what there may be of genuine merit is not easily distinguishable. In a small group of French buildings, and in a coast scene, there was much fine color. A landscape with cattle, the animals painted by Tait, and the landscape by James Hart, afforded a successful example of the advantage of artists painting in company. The cattle deserved a less flimsy setting. A landscape by Coleman, painted with the rare feeling and delicacy that mark all his works, formed the centre to a group of nice paintings by Williamson, Suydam, Hubbard, Hart, Ehninger, Tait, and many others, which, not for want of appreciation, but for lack of space, we do not particularise. It is unfortunate for picture-lovers that the fine collections of this Association could not be thrown open for a brief period to the public. Such an arrangement would complete its usefulness.

— We understand that measures are maturing towards the organization of an Artists' Fund Association, for the benefit of the families of deceased artists.

— S. A. Hart, R. A., and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, London, delivered a lecture, on the 14th of December, before the members of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts, taking for his subject the Study of Art. "This is the first time, we fancy," says the *Athenæum*, "that a professor of the Royal Academy has ever gone as a teacher into the provinces."

— Mr. Armitage's historical allegory of the "Retribution," which was in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, London, this year, and is now in the exhibition of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts, has been promoted by the artist to the town of Leeds, and is to be placed in the new town hall.

— We learn from the London *Town-Talk* that the price of Turner's paintings in England has of late been very rapidly declining.

— The Academy of Fine Arts at Stockholm have elected as members of their body Sir Charles Eastlake, R.A., President, Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., Sir Charles Barry, R.A., C. R. Cockerell, R.A., and Prof. Donaldson.

— A statue of Peter the Hermit has recently been inaugurated in the gardens of the old Monastery of Neumoustier, at Huy, in Belgium, in which monastery he died.

— Mr. Redgrave, of the Royal Academy, London, is making a full and precise catalogue of the pictures in the several Royal collections. He has also commenced taking an interest in the portraits of English historical personages. Mr. Redgrave recommends that Mr. Scharf, the secretary of the National Portrait Gallery, should commence a catalogue forthwith of existing portraits of eminent English worthies, with measurements and other matters of moment immediately connected with them.

— Paul Akers, the sculptor, who has been spending some months in Maine, is soon to be in New York, where he will remain a considerable time previous to his return to Rome.

— Palmer has received an order for a bust of Gov. Morgan, which is to be executed at once.

— John Pope, the portrait painter, is to spend the Winter at the South.

— A "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" has just been formed in London under the presidency of the Earl of Carlisle, the object of which is to diffuse sound principles of Art and Criticism amongst the public by means of lectures, discussions, and classes for study, illustrated by examples from the works of eminent masters of all schools. In the list of vice-presidents we find the names of the Earl of Ellesmere, Lord Ward, and Lord Feversham. The corresponding secretary is Mr. Henry Ottley.

— Mr. Ruskin, in his inaugural address delivered at Cambridge, Oct. 29, 1858, makes the following remarks:—

The Art of Greece rose, and did service to the people, so long as it was to them the earnest interpreter of a Religion they believed in; the arts of Northern sculpture and architecture rose as interpreters of Christian legend and doctrine; the art of painting in Italy, not only as religious, but also, mainly, as expressive of truths of moral philosophy, and powerful in human portraiture. The only great painters in our schools of painting in England have been either of portrait—Reynolds and Gainsborough; of the philosophy of social life—Hogarth; or of the facts of Nature in landscape—Wilson and Turner. In all these cases, if I had time, I could show you that the success of the painter depended on his desire to convey a truth, rather than to produce a merely beautiful picture; that is to say, to get a likeness of a man or a place; to get some moral principle rightly stated, or some historical character rightly described, rather than to merely give pleasure to the eyes. Compare the feeling with which a Moorish architect decorating an arch of the Alhambra with that of Hogarth painting the *Mariage à la mode*, or of Wilkie painting the Chelsea Pensioners, and you will at once feel the difference between Art pursued for pleasure only, and for the sake of some useful expression. Now, therefore, the sum of all is, that you who wish to encourage Art in England, have to do two things with it. You must delight in it, in the first place; and you must get it to serve some serious work, in the second place. I don't mean by serious, necessarily moral; all that I mean by serious is, in some way or other useful, not merely selfish, careless, or indolent.

— The *Providence Journal* gives the following, translated from an Athens paper:

During the last week of October interesting archæological discoveries were made, in course of the excavations that are now proceeding in the Acropolis. Among the things brought to light is an image of Minerva, in a [illegible] state, without head, hands, or feet, having on the breast a head of Medusa, and wearing a garment [illegible]. Pedestals with inscriptions have also been found. On one of them stands the statue of the comic poet Philemon, son of Damon; on another, a statue erected by the Athenians in honor of Julius Cæsar; and upon other two are inscribed the [illegible] of the Acropolis. A pillar bears a [illegible] Demos [illegible]. There is also a pedestal, five feet in height, on which [illegible] to Claudius [illegible] of the nation [illegible]. [illegible] A few days previously [illegible] brought to light a wide stairway [illegible] on the West side [illegible] — a [illegible] part of a Quadriga [illegible] [illegible]

— The following is an extract of a Lecture by James Russell Lowell:

Till America shall learn to love Art, not as an ornament, not as the mere condiment of her cities, not as a superstitious idea of what is somehow fit for a great nation, but for its harmonizing and ennobling energy, for its power to make men better by arousing in them a perception of their own instincts for what is beautiful, and sacred, and religious, and an eternal rebuke to the base and the worldly; she will not have attained to that high sense which makes a nation out of a people, and raises it from a dead name to a living power. Were our little mother island sunk in the sea; or, worse, were she conquered by Scythian barbarians; yet Shakespeare would be an immortal England, and would conquer countries when the bones of her last sailor had kept their ghastly watch for ages in unhallowed ooze beside the quenched thunders of her navy.

This lesson I learn from the past: that grace and goodness, the fair, the noble, and the free, will never cease out of the world, till the God from whom they emanate ceases out of it; that it is the sacred duty and noble office of the Poet to reveal and justify to man; that so long as the soul endures, endures also the theme of new and unexampled song; that while there is love in love, grace in grace, and beauty in beauty, God will still send poets to find them, and bear witness of them, and hang their ideal portraitures in the gallery of memory. God with us, is forever the mystical name of the hour that is passing. The lives of the great poets reminds us that they were the men of their generation who felt most deeply the meaning of the Present.

— The London *Illustrated News* says:

We have recently seen at Mr. Walesby's Gallery, in Waterloo-place, four curious pictures [by Giacomo Francisco Cipper Tedesco], which we notice on account both of their intrinsic merit and of the mystery which, as far as we know, hangs about the history of the painter of them. We never heard before of Giacomo Francisco Cipper Tedesco; we do not find his name in any of the numerous authorities which we have searched for the purpose, nor have we met with anybody who knows anything about him. Nevertheless this name is inscribed at full length, in bold characters, upon the four pictures of which we speak, which represent respectively:—1. A Family Concert, consisting of a group of eight figures, admirably composed, and full of life. 2. A Vegetable Market, with a woman weighing cherries. 3. A Group of Gipsies, with two young nobles, who are having their fortunes told. 4. Italian Peasants at their Repast, with a man playing a hurdygurdy. These pictures are painted in a broad and vigorous style, savoring more or less of the Spanish or Neapolitan school, and measures each some five feet square. With regard to their history, all that is known is, that for years they hung in the State dressing-room at Stowe; and there is authority for the fact that they were purchased by Lord Cobham, upwards of a century ago, during his campaigns in Flanders. It is almost impossible that the artist who produced these works should not have left others behind him; and perhaps the attention we have drawn to his name may lead to the obtaining of some information about him.

— A gentleman in Rome writes to the Boston *Post* under date of Nov. 30, as follows:

Among the most attractive of the studios here is that of Page, whose social hospitality and earnest enthusiasm in his art makes it a delightful place to while away an hour. There is still his beautiful and remarkable picture of "Venus leading the Trojans." The original of this picture was, you are aware, sent to Boston, where its reception was as unartistic as it was cool and unappreciative. To exhibit such a picture alone, which, being a thoroughly twilight picture, should have had others about it to give it its proper and relative effect, was contrary to the artist's especial injunction. I hope that if it has not already, it will have a better position, for it is a work America may well be proud of. The one he is at present at work upon is in full daylight, and certainly a most magnificent piece of coloring. The subject, too, is treated in a purely classic manner. The golden hair, which is *really* golden, and the emerald eyes, as well as the Cupid and doves, are wholly in accordance with the idea of the ancients. This copy is, I understand, going to Paris. Page has also a sleeping Bacchus, which is extremely lifelike and beautiful, and has commenced a very striking picture of Moses watching the Israelites at war.

Terry has also some fine works under way, especially his "Tobit and the Angel," both whose faces are full of deep feeling and expression. Terry's faces are very lifelike, and he is remarkably successful in catching the Italian character. Brown is immortalising a splendid remembrance of a scene on the Via Appia, near Ariccia. This is a very large picture, and will be, when finished, a noble work. Ropes, the landscape painter, is also in Rome again, and making fine use of his Summer sketches in Switzerland. Two lake scenes from Lucerne are full of the beautiful repose and quiet loneliness which Nature herself produces. One is a morning view, representing the lake bathed in the mist, which, slowly rising, catches the first rays of the rising sun; the other a beautiful representation of twilight on the lake and mountains, which is remarkable for its calm, evening-like repose.

— The National Gallery, London, has recently been enriched by the acquisition of a Portrait of an Italian nobleman by Allessandro Bonvicino, commonly called Il Moretto. The London *Illustrated News* is not particularly satisfied with the selection, and indulges in the following remarks:—

Bonvicino was a remarkable painter of the Venetian school—at first a follower of Titian, but afterwards emulating the Roman style, which resulted in his forming a style which might almost be called his own. But the peculiar charm and grace of his pencil were seen in devotional subjects, for which, like Fra Angelico, he is said to have always prepared himself by prayer. His altar-pieces, introducing Madonnas enthroned, and holy saints and priests doing homage to her, are of a rare and peculiar beauty; and it would have been desirable, we think, that when he was represented in our national collection it should have been in some work of this class. In portrait he undoubtedly enjoyed a high reputation, having by some been held worthy of comparison with Titian; but in the specimen before us, though displaying many points of commanding excellence, we cannot consider him to have been fortunate. The Italian nobleman, whoever he may be, is of a vulgar, sensual cast; he stands in a swaggering attitude across the canvas, supporting his head with his right hand, his right elbow resting on a pink silk cushion, lying upon what appears to be a window-sill. Before him are some pieces of money, his gloves, and a quaint old ornament in the form of a shoe. His dress is green satin, quilted, with flowing robes of fur, and a cap with a feather in it. When it is added that the background is filled in with a gaudy drapery of crimson and gold, it will be seen that the picture is completely wanting in that calm dignity and grand repose which are the marked characteristics of the chief of the Venetian school of portraiture. It has been remarked that Bonvicino's coloring was generally colder than that of most of the Venetian painters; and the truth of this assertion is strikingly illustrated by a comparison of this picture with the masterpieces of Titian, Titian, and Paul Veronese, which surround it in the same apartment.

— At the meeting of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, held in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, recently, Mr. H. Ecroyd Smith [illegible]

SOCIETIES.

MEETINGS FOR THE COMING WEEK.

Monday Evening, Jan. 10.—[illegible]

Tuesday Evening, Jan. 11.—[illegible] No. 20 4th avenue.—[illegible] Mechanics' Club, at 12 M., 351 Broadway.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 12.—[illegible] Mechanics' Club, at 1 P.M. [illegible] Geographical Society, 2d avenue, 8 P.M.

Historical Society.—The annual meeting of this Society was held at their rooms on Tuesday evening, Jan. 4, Hon. L. Bradish in the Chair, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Luther Bradish; 1st Vice President, Thomas De Witt, D.D.; 2d Vice President, Frederic De Peyster; Foreign Corresponding Secretary, Edward Robinson, D.D.; Domestic Corresponding Secretary, Samuel Osgood, D.D.; Recording Secretary, Andrew Warner; Treasurer, William Chauncey; Librarian, George Henry Moore.

Presentations were made to the Society by Mr. G. S. L. [illegible] of a copy of Mills' equestrian statue of Jackson; by [illegible], of Albany, of a water color drawing of Fulton's original steamer; by a number of ladies, of [illegible] portrait of Dr. E. K. Kane.

The paper of the evening was an interesting account of [illegible], parliamentary colleague of Edmund Burke, prepared and read by [illegible].

Geographical Society.—Thursday Evening, Jan. 6.—Dr. Hawks in the Chair. The election of Frank Moore as Treasurer in place of F. A. Conkling was announced. A Committee was appointed, to cooperate with Dr. Hayes in his proposed Arctic expedition. An address on the Fisheries of North America was read by A. Gesner, M.D., giving an interesting historical sketch of that great branch of industry.

Numismatic Society.—Thursday Evening, Jan. 6.—This Society was organized in April—its object being to obtain a complete collection of numismatic works. Among the papers was an interesting one on political medals since the presidency of Jackson. The officers are—R. J. Dodge, President; Henry [illegible], Vice President; Frank H. Norton, Corresponding Secretary; J. D. Foskett, Librarian.

American Institute.—Thursday Evening, Jan. 6.—R. L. Pell, President, in the Chair. The regular monthly meeting was devoted chiefly to routine business.

CHESS.

Replies and Remarks.

— A letter has been sent to J. C., of Boston, in reply to his note of the 3rd inst.

— In compliance with the request of F. A. A., one of the most beautiful conceptions of Anderssen is inserted in the present number.

— We agree with a number of correspondents in the opinion that a chess editor who opens his column not only to defence of Howard Staunton, whose course has been strongly condemned by the whole world, but to virulent attacks upon Paul Morphy, must lose the esteem of the American chess community. It is well known that no persons have spoken in more positive terms of Mr. Staunton's disgraceful conduct than the leading writers and players of his own country. But it appears that there are a few sycophantic and ignorant British subjects, who make their reason subservient to their prejudice, and who, unable to get their articles inserted in English journals, have been obliged to make use of the easy temper of Frank Leslie's chess editor, in order to lay them before the public.

— A clever sketch, apparently by S. Loyd, appears in a late number of the *American Union*.

— The renowned Russian analyst, Jaenisch, informs us by letter that the publication of his treatise on the relation of chess to mathematics, has been delayed by a serious illness which confined him to his room for some months. We rejoice to be able to state that this ardent and learned laborer in the field of chess is now convalescent.

— The problem editor of the *Chess Monthly* tells us, that not one of all his strategic correspondents has ever written him a word of objection to the universal system of notation.

— Very pithy is the following epigrammatic "Essay on Odds," sent us by our obliging correspondent, R. J. D.:

Quoth Thompson to Johnson, "What odds shall I give?"
Quoth Johnson, "The Pawn and the Move I'll receive."
"That's light," said a third, "but then, to make weight,
Friend Thompson will handsomely throw in the mate!"

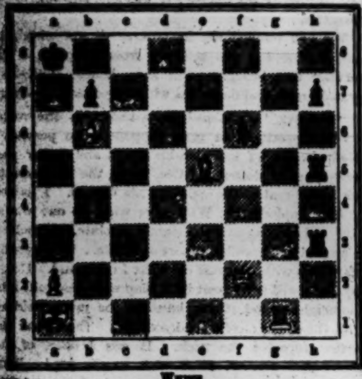
— M. S. H., of Washington, is requested to substitute K for Q at the end of the first line in the inscription alluded to, and then try again.

— Paul Morphy, at our last advices, was quite unwell, so much so as to be confined to his room. His physician, however, had given him hopes of being out again in a few days, when his match with Anderssen would commence.

PROBLEM NO. 11.

By Professor A. Anderssen, of Breslau.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

As we announced in our last issue, the second contest between the two chief cities of the Union terminated in favor of Philadelphia. By this victory the ATHENÆUM PLAYERS have maintained their position as the foremost body of chess athletes in the country, and New York has nothing to do but to confess their superiority or send another challenge. But it is undoubtedly fair to state that whenever our own Club has had the first move, its Committee has been obliged to encounter the simple and unassailable opposition of a close defence, while Philadelphia has in every instance enjoyed the advantage of the powerful attack resulting from an open game. The last battle was a *Scotch Gambit*, which was, however, by New York's fifth move, transformed into a *Giuoco Piano*.

PHILADELPHIA.	N. YORK.
1. e2—e4	e7—e5
2. Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6
3. d2—d4	e5—d4:
4. B f1—c4	B f8—c5
5. c2—c3	Kt g8—f6

[illegible]

New York, by the last move, defends the Pawn c5, for if 12. Q c2—c4:, B b6—d4:, regaining the Pawn with the better game.

Philadelphia evidently has no other move, and New York seems to have no better one.

[illegible]

New York Chess Club [illegible] for the accommodation of the public, demand, as in the previous contests, the thanks of the chess community. The gratitude of the contesting parties, too, is due to the American Telegraph Company, for the liberality and celerity of its officers and operators.

Mr. Morphy in Paris.—The Paris correspondent of the New York *Express* has the following in regard to our victorious young countryman:

The young American chess champion, Paul Morphy, continues his victorious career in Paris. He has ceased playing even-handed games with the French players, having beaten them all, over and over again; and still vanquishes all comers at the odds of Pawn and Move. Of course he only gives this advantage to the first professors of the game, being able to offer a Knight, and frequently a Castle, to his minor adversaries. At the odds of a Pawn and Move, Mr. Morphy has already fully established his superiority over Laroche, esteemed the ablest of the French players; Devinck, another old master of the game, who thirty years ago played with Labourdonnais; Budzinsky, a Polish player of some distinction, and others, all of whom have again been discomfited. Since his match with Harrwitz, however, "little Paul" has not had an opportunity of again checkmating the Prussian, that worthy prudently finding numerous excuses and subterfuges to avoid meeting an antagonist who has already despoiled him of so many laurels. Harrwitz has been repeatedly urged by his own friends to play a few "friendly games" with the young American, if only to prove himself capable of withstanding the assault; but, upon one pretext or another, he has managed to shun the issue. He has, it seems, hit upon another plan to re-establish himself in public favor, by a projected attempt to imitate Morphy's celebrated eight blindfold games, which created so great an excitement here a few weeks ago.

I saw this morning, posted up conspicuously in the Café de la Regence, a notice to the effect that, on Saturday next, Harrwitz will play against any eight adversaries who may be selected, that number of games, without seeing the boards, and all to be conducted simultaneously. This is the feat which Morphy so splendidly accomplished, and which at once made him the lion of the day. Whether or not Mr. Harrwitz will be equally successful remains to be seen. I shall report the result to you. In any event, whether he succeed or not, Harrwitz will have a still more difficult feat to imitate, young Morphy having promised, in that event, to play ten or twelve blindfolded games. In the meantime, Mr. Morphy to-day informed me that he had just received a telegraphic message from Anderssen, the celebrated German player, announcing his arrival in Paris, on or about the 15th of the present month. The match between the two champions will be played immediately after, and its result will decide whether Morphy is or is not the greatest of living chess players.

— Two gentlemen from New York, members of the New York Chess Club, and composers of the various chess editors of that city, have been spending Christmas week in our quiet city. Of course, as "metropolitan" chess players they were willing to teach "provincialists," and very kindly showed how this position could be maintained and that one conquered. For a night or two, at the rooms of the Charleston Chess Club, they walked over the course or vanquished all opponents. A gentleman connected with the press of this city, and a member of the Club, having heard of their prowess, visited the Club room on Monday evening, for the purpose of witnessing the fine playing of these gentlemanly visitants. To his astonishment, he was invited to play with the weaker of the two, but endeavored to excuse himself, honestly acknowledging his acquaintance with the game to be that of an unread amateur. His excuses were not accepted, and the game commenced. It progressed without any peculiar brilliancy, and was decided in favor of the Charleston tyro. Four games were thus played, of which Charleston won three, and the fourth was drawn. The New York gentleman then yielded his seat to his more skilful companion, and two more games were played; but victory still clung to our Charleston amateur, who succeeded in both. Thus, of six games, Charleston won five, and the remaining game was drawn. The New York gentlemen took their defeat in excellent part, and could not have been more surprised than our successful friend, who very plainly perceived the more thorough familiarity with the royal game, of his competitors.—*Charleston Mercury.*

Dramatic Feuilleton.

What About?

I am under contract to write a dramatic feuilleton every week for THE SATURDAY PRESS. This would be an easy task under ordinary circumstances, but when it is considered that the only two theatres in the city are running the same piece for an indefinite number of nights, the mind of the dramatic critic becomes rather distracted in a fruitless search for subjects. I fear the consequences, if this continues long. I shall have to decline on Minstrels, and the Circus. No one could keep on writing for seven consecutive weeks about "Our American Cousin," and "The Merchant of Venice." I have done everything in my power, so far, to keep up a certain appearance of variety. I have digressed on fleas, and elaborately considered Hamlet from a Bohemian point of view. But there is a limit. I came to the conclusion that there was a limit, last night, when I was distractedly searching for something to write about. I went to the green-rooms and endeavored to pump a few *on dits* out of the artists. This was an utter failure. They either did not know, or would not tell. The managerial movements were shrouded in mystery. Mr. Lester's [illegible], and The Midsummer Night's Dream were to be produced when the Merchant of Venice and Our American Cousin ceased to run. That was all that was to be learned in the way of legitimate dramatic intelligence. I was however entrusted with a variety of facts which would not be interesting to the general public. Mr. Snooks informed me confidentially that he was "crushed, sir," which being interpreted meant that the manager, with a blindness characteristic of managers (when viewed from the green-room), refused to entrust him with the principal light comedy part in a forthcoming play. Miss Jones took me into a corner and showed me, with tears in her eyes, her "length and a half," as she called it, which it seems was all that fell to her lot in the approaching novelty. I was let into the secret that Mrs. Smith—a tragic and heavy female—had just purchased a set of false teeth, by which her articulation was said to be wonderfully improved. Brown whispered to me that Robinson (the leading young man) was immensely jealous of him, and so on *ad infinitum*. But I could get no subject. Paper coming out, and no Feuilleton. A vision of two stalwart and infuriated editors strangling a defaulting dramatic critic crossed my mind. What was to be done? But one thing. To tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and to inform Mr. Wallack and Miss Keene that if they persist in running plays for such an unreasonable length of time, editors will eventually pay dramatic critics by the job instead of by the week, and the profession will be ruined.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the North wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

— Edward Hodges Baily, the favorite pupil of Flaxman, and the sculptor of one of the most poetic groups in English art, "Eve at the Fountain," has retired to private life. His last work was the model for the St. Paul's statue of Mr. Ruskin's Turner, which was not, however, accepted, the preference having been given to a younger sculptor, Mr. MacDowell, a fact which seems to show that Mr. Baily "retired in disgust."

Mr. Robert Goldbeck.

Begs to announce that, on the 15th of January, he will open

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in PIANO FORTE PLAYING, to be held at 761 Broadway, over C. Breusing's Music Store. Applications to be made at C. Breusing's, and Mr. Goldbeck's residence, 149 Ninth street, where a full prospectus may be had.

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OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

Delight in God Only.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustains me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared with thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of Oceans, when compared with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?
Without thy presence heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet—sadness:
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of thee.

The Sweet Neglect.

BY BEN JONSON.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Times go by Turns.

BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil sucks in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever Spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

The Kiss—A Dialogue.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

1. Among thy fancies tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?—
2. I shall resolve ye what it is:

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red;
By love and warm desires fed;
Chor.—And makes more soft the bridal bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
Chor.—And stills the bride too when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks, and flies; now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
Chor.—And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say?—2. Do you but this,
Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss;
Chor.—And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body?—2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolorings;
And as it flies, it gently sings,
Chor.—Love honey yields, but never stings.

Mediocrity in Love Rejected.

BY THOMAS CAREW.

Give me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd;
Then crown my joys or cure my pain;
Give me more love or more disdain.

A Poet must Feel what he Writes.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes;
And panting, Lo, the god, the god! she cries:
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through the ground.
But though we must obey when heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd:
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favors, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate measures to the sterling stamp
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
There, cold salutes; but here, a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Saone divide,
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he with eager force urg'd his impetuous way!

Upon a Stolen Kiss.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of ought what she can miss:
Nay should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

—The Messrs. Appleton have just brought out a blue-and-gold edition of Fitz-Greene Halleck's poems. The volume contains one poem not to be found in Halleck's previous collections—a rhymed epistle addressed to Lewis Gaylord Clarke, which, as our readers will probably remember, was originally contributed to the *Knickerbocker Gallery*.

A SOUVENIR OF A DINNER.

Standing irresolute at the book-stall at the Great Northern Terminus, King's Cross, uncertain in which of the red and yellow volumes I should invest half-a-crown for my mental delectation on a journey to Edinburgh, my eye rested on a little *brochure* called *The Art of Dining*.

We all know how to *eat*, but very few of us know how to *dine*. The one is a suggestion of nature, the other is an effort of high art, in which we are constantly frustrated. Providence sends meats, and the proverb tells us how those good things are neutralised by the envoys of the Prince of Darkness. There is no enterprise to which the human mind can be directed more noble in itself, or more profitable to mankind, than the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, and vegetables into sapid and nutritious *matériel*. I will not say it has been the study of my life to dine well, for in our hot youth we care little what we eat, or when, or how, the meat is dressed. *C'est toute autre chose* when the actual palate becomes a little fantastical from use, the ideal taste somewhat refined by experience, and the gratification of epicurean guests an object of social, and often of high political importance. Hence the last half of my life has been consecrated to gastronomic considerations. At thirty I began to suspect the merits of boiled mutton and caper sauce; at forty, boiled beef and mutton-chops were discarded from my table; at fifty, I peremptorily discharged my cook for daring to place a suet-pudding before me. But if I thus circumscribed the limits of my *carte* in one way, I enlarged them in another. If I dismissed my old-established *pièces de résistance*, my heavy battalions and siege-train, I enlisted an immense body of light infantry and flying-artillery in their places. The radius of my bill of fare is very extensive, comprising innumerable French dishes with ingenious titles, and many of my own conception with loyal and popular designations. Ask at the Waterloo or Anderson's (late Macgregor's), in Princes street, for a *pâté à la provost d'Edinbourg* or an *Auld Reekie mayonnaise*, and you will see that I have some pretensions to culinary skill. Still, I am not satisfied; none but egotists are easily pleased with their own work. I believe I have yet much to learn of the sublime science of dining. The Walkers, Udes, Savarins, and so forth, thought only of providing for a party varying from eight to twenty guests, and even more. Few have taught us how *one* person may dine. The other day, in the Dover train, I fell in with an alderman who was going over to Paris for the first time in his life. "To dine at the *Trois Frères* or *Durand's*?" I concluded.

"O dear, no—to see the Toolleries and the Loover, etcetera. What do I care for French kickshaws? No—a man must be partickler indeed who couldn't be satisfied with old English fare."

"Just so," I replied, falling into his humor—"turtle, venison, turbot, and all that."

"Now," said he, turning towards me, and looking me full in the face, "how you talk! You fellows of the West End, or the country, have the most erroneous conceptions of an alderman's appetite. It is true, we give the best of fare in our power to our guests on public occasions; but see us in private—we are perfect anchorites!" And he sank back in his seat, the very type of a self-denying Silenus.

"You amaze me," I rejoined: "the popular notion runs quite the other way."

My curiosity was greatly piqued, and I resolved to lead my companion to a disclosure of an ascetic alderman's fare *en solitude*.

"Tell me, sir," said I, continuing the conversation, "if I don't take too great a liberty, what may be your ideas of gastronomic simplicity."

"My ideas of simplicity! Why, give me but a basin of Scotch broth (the most exhilarating of broths—the very champagne of soups), followed by a tender rump-steak and oyster-sauce; a bird, according to the season; a pudding or a tart, and a piece of stilton; with a glass of sherry after my soup, porter with my steak, and a pint of port after my cheese; and I would wish for nothing more!"

If I was amazed before, I was now petrified. Truly, a most moderate gourmand; quite a rigorous, self-denying Barmecide. The description conjured to my mind a vision of Sancho Panza feasting in prosperity. But the alderman's little sketch did not provide the lesson I expected. It did not help me to arrange a dinner for a solitary bachelor of delicate appetite and limited means. I was, and still am, at a loss in that important particular; therefore it was that (the reader must pardon the long digression) I laid out eighteenpence in the *Art of Dining*—one of Mr. Murray's volumes of *Railway Reading*—and had cut all the leaves before the train had emerged from the tunnel which darkens the road between King's Cross and Potter's Bar.

The book proved to be a reprint of Mr. Hayward's article from the *Quarterly*—a good *résumé* of all that had been written on the subject of gastronomy, and an amusing collection of anecdotes of famous cooks, and equally famous patrons of cooks, from Louis XIV. to Lord Alvanley. It is very edifying and nearly complete. If the author and the accomplished diners-out and dinner-givers whom Mr. A. H. consulted, have failed in anything, it is in doing justice to curries—the most delicious of all methods of dressing certain kinds of human food. See how readily the thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen who go to India adapt themselves to it; and how the pleasure of returning to their native land in the autumn of life is qualified by the sacrifice of what had become a *sine quâ non* in the daily meal. An English curry is ordinarily a detestable mess, a gross imposition, a downright insult to the cultivated palate. Fowl or rabbit smeared with tumeric and black pepper, and served up with half-boiled rice—that's an English *ménagère's* notion of the thing. A native of the Andaman islands would recoil from it with horror; and Jack Pandy, of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry, would find in such garbage a new apology for mutiny, in which his officers would sustain him. But try a curry made as a first-class Indian *khansamah*, or butler, would fabricate it. It is easily done. I know two families who have acquired a respectable status in society by its adoption. You have all the ingredients at hand—saffron, the pulp of the cocoa-nut, butter, garlic, red pepper, onions (which should be fried separately), salt, an apple; and, mind me, use only fat meats of an open grain. The smooth, impenetrable texture of rabbit and chicken renders it quite impossible for the meat to become even partially saturated with the curry-stuff thus compounded; and unless that is done, you may as well serve up the leg of a chair or table with your rice. Shrimps and eels make admirable curries, for the same reason that pork and mutton are to be commended. They gratefuly reciprocate service; they impart to the condiment some of their own exquisite flavor, while they receive the saffron impregnation. A shrimp or prawn curry, served with well-boiled rice, would enable a minister of State to win over the most bitter opponent and selfish intriguer in the shape of a foreign ambassador. But let that pass. I do not quarrel with A. Hayward for omitting to speak of things which only orientalists can understand. No, I forgive him for his modesty; and I also honor him for the praise *en passant* he has bestowed on my lamented friend, Alexis Soyer. He says of the deceased: "He is a clever man, of inventive genius, and inexhaustible resource; but his execution is hardly on a par with his conception, and he is more likely to earn his immortality by his soup-kitchen, than by his stop."

I am not quite sure that this is a just estimate, though it is kindly meant. A great cook is no more expected to make his dishes than a great general is required to head every charge of cavalry. It is his province to conceive, plan, direct, leaving to the engineers of his *batterie de cuisine* to operate their pleasant warfare. This was Soyer's *forte*. If he had been a wealthy man, he would have devoted his energies to the [illegible] of dishes, which his friends should have [illegible] in the evening. I once dined with him—he was then *chef de cuisine* at the Reform Club. Eight or nine years have passed away, and I have eaten much since, but the recollection of that dinner is undimmed. "It [illegible] haunts the greenest spot in memory's waste," as poor Tom Moore sang in one of his most charming [illegible]. Soyer was supreme in the [illegible] story. His [illegible] were united with the kitchen. He [illegible] of all he surveyed." The dinner took place in his chambers, and this is how it came about.

I had been conversing with the great chef about his *métier*, and observed how painful it must be to minister to the appetites of so many hundreds of men superior by their intelligence and station to the ordinary run of Englishmen. "Bah!" he exclaimed; "they do not appreciate me or my cookery. It is the same everywhere with them. There are many *gourmands* among them, but very few *gourmets*. Excepting Lord M. H., there is hardly one of them that knows how to order a dinner; and if he leaves it to me, and gives *carte blanche* as to the price, ten to one but he invites people who would as readily eat a piece of under-done roast beef. What do they know of *bouchées de homard à la Pompadour*, or of *côtes de veau à la Villeroi, garnies d'une soubise!* It is terrible, my dear friend, to think how great talent is prostituted before such coarse fellows." I felt he was quite right, and I told him so, and I repeated part of Goldsmith's notions of a good company over a haunch of venison. "Tenez," he resumed; "I think you could appreciate a superior dinner. I think you a man before whom I could venture to deploy the highest efforts of my poor genius. Come and dine with me on Saturday next. We can repose from the fatigues of mind and stomach on the Sunday. Invite five friends. Our table must be round, and our party limited to eight. Thus all can share in the conversation. You and I, and a French friend of mine—a confidential envoy from the *cuisinier de la bouche, du Prince Président de la R-r-r-epublique*—will make three. Ask the rest yourself, and let them be *beaux esprits*." I accepted the invitation.

It took me an hour to consider which of the men in my small circle would best suit the occasion. It is not often that the most brilliant intellect is associated with the most undeniable palate. Faraday is content with a cutlet; Tennyson is said to affect tripe. I don't believe it. However, when I had deliberated, made out list after list, and then weeded and pruned the collection, I decided on my five. A. was a brilliant M.P., as M.P.'s go; B. was a barrister; C., an actor of abounding quiet humor; D., an artist—a superb historical painter; E., a soldier and traveller. The literary interest was represented poorly enough by myself.

The dinner hour was eight; we were punctual. The table was chastely spread—a *tazza* of flowers in the centre; a vase would have obscured the guests from each other. A gas chandelier above illuminated the table. There were knives, forks, and napkins for the eight guests—nothing more—not even a salt-cellar—on the whitest of damask cloths. Soyer was cordial in his welcome. His face beamed with the pleasure which a sense of triumph and a prospect of enjoyment is sure to impart. He took his seat, and a servant brought in one dish. We had no soup. "It is a mistake," said the incomparable Soyer, "to provide a pool for the reception of viands. You only drown them." The first course was fish, of which three descriptions came in, one after the other, so that they should be hot. I remember there were *filets de sole à la Normande*; but I remember nothing more of the many dishes which succeeded each other at prolonged intervals, all seasoned, all cut up, and temporarily reunited, so that a silver fork removed the slices without the intervention of a knife. Their measured *entrées* allowed repose to the stomach, time for wine, and time for talk. We did not make a toil of a pleasure. There were several wines, each adapted to a particular dish; they were sipped deliberately; it was necessary that an amalgam should be established within, and the palate allowed an opportunity of reviving. Do you blame me that I do not remember the details of the dinner, fascinated as I was with the *ensemble*? Then blame the girl in Bulwer's *Pompeii* who had never noticed the color of her lover's eyes. How many a man remembers with what intense enjoyment he read Walter Scott's *Waverley*, but how few can recall a single passage of the unapproachable work! Then blame me not if I forget all. All? —not all. I do remember one feature of the dinner: it was too striking to be forgotten.

We had reached the last course—it was midnight, and yet no one was suffering from repletion. The servitor now brought us in ham, boiled, dusted in grated bread, and decorated with a *papillote* of [illegible].

"O Soyer," exclaimed the guests with one voice, "what appetites you must suppose us to possess!" We had eaten of innumerable meats, and rather preferred a good dessert. "Cut," said the gastronome to me, indifferent to the appeal of his friends. I looked at him imploringly: Why carve what no one would eat? His expression was sternly resolute. Napoleon I.'s could not have been more obdurate. "Everybody who dines with me must eat what I command. Cut, I say; you will not repent it." Slap went the knife into the neighborhood of the knuckle, the meat yielding with the most graceful condescension. The second insertion revealed the trick. It was a cake, of the pound-cake quality, filled with vanille ice! Well might he call it a *jambon à la surprise*, for our guests' minds were astonished exceedingly. Everybody had a corner for *that* ham. Soyer then told us that it was nothing very new, though uncommon. He had once practised the same device at the house of Sir Robert Peel, on a grander scale. He had prepared an entire course of imitative game—pheasants, partridges, snipe, hare—all were *gâteaux*, with iced creams in their inwards. Colonel Peel, the present Secretary of State for War, presided; the lady of Sir Robert was at the other hand. "Why, what's the meaning of this?" exclaimed the colonel, who had the hare before him. "We have done with game." "Never mind," said her ladyship, who was in the secret; "you have only to carve; nobody is obliged to eat." And he did carve, as prodigiously astounded at the results as he was when Lord Derby sent to him a few months ago, and placed him at the head of the War-office.

Towards the close of the dinner, one of the servants of the establishment came in with what appeared, at first sight, to be a diminutive jack-in-the-green.

"Ah, ha!" said our host, "that's just the thing. I think the duchess will be pleased."

This was another surprise, at least for us. Alexis had devised a bouquet of game for the Duchess of Sutherland. It consisted simply of a framework resembling a boy's kite, and about five feet high. On this, mingled with evergreen leaves, so as to conceal the frame, were placed, with much grace and effect, a hare, two rabbits, a pheasant, partridges, grouse, plovers, snipe, larks, and ducks—all made fast to the frame. A picture of this clever contrivance afterwards appeared in the *Illustrated News*; but a woodcut covered with black ink conveyed no idea of the beauty of the original, or of the variety of plumage that repeated our rich and glossy green.

We rose from table a little before one, to adjourn to the kitchen, to see the *cuisine* [illegible], and give orders for a supper of broils and devils. As I turned round I saw a portrait of the late Madame Soyer on the wall, in crayons, and in an unusually low part of the wall. I was tempted to remark upon the singularity. "There is a little story attached to that," said Soyer with a melancholy smile. "The house was being whitewashed; I was out of the way when my poor wife called. With her usual fun, she seized a piece of charcoal, and immediately sketched her sweet face on the wall, and when it was finished, she said to one of the plasterers: 'There, tell Monsieur Soyer that a lady paid him a visit, and she has left her card!'"

The broils proved as superb in their way as the [illegible] stews, broils, roasts, and [illegible] which had preceded them. It was [illegible] o'clock in the morning before we parted company. [illegible] of whisky-punch [illegible] [illegible], to say the truth, there had been [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] was as sparkling as [illegible]; the M.P.'s [illegible] had the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a good quantity [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the establishment—[illegible] a headache the next day [illegible] to neglect the memory of Alexis Soyer.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A LITTLE WHILE.

BY REV. DR. BONAR.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

A REMINISCENCE.

Having noticed pieces in different papers of the day, doubting that the late John Howard Payne was the author of "Home, Sweet Home," I have wished to give a reminiscence of "by-gone years."

It may not be known to many, that Mr. Payne, on a journey, in 1835, from New Orleans to New York, passed through the Cherokee country, and, on becoming interested in the history of the Cherokees, formed the purpose of adding it to his literary labors, and for this end, spent a number of weeks in the Cherokee Nation. He passed his time in Mr. Ross's (the principal chief) family, examining records of the Councils, obtaining information, from aged Cherokees, of their former laws and customs, and in gaining various kinds of knowledge to assist him in his intended work.

The officers of the Georgia Guard, knowing that a stranger guest was in Mr. Ross's family, supposed him to be some one employed by Mr. Ross, to aid him in holding out against the removal of the Cherokees. Mr. Ross's possessions had been taken from him in Georgia, and he had removed his family into Tennessee, where Georgia had no jurisdiction, yet the guard came over, one night, and surrounded his house, taking him and Mr. Payne prisoners. They made no resistance, except, as an officer was gathering up papers on the table, Mr. Payne, supposing he thought them to be Mr. Ross's, surrounded them with his arms, and drawing them to himself, said, "These are mine, sir," upon which the officer gave him a blow across the mouth, saying, "You are the one we are *arter*,"—bidding him to be ready to accompany them. As Mr. Payne took down his travelling equipments, the officer discovered among them a brace of pistols, which he took and girded on himself, not without calling for Mr. Payne's assistance, however, as there was something about the fastening that was not understood by the officer.

But now about "Sweet Home." As they were riding along in the night, one of the guard hummed over the words, upon which Mr. Payne remarked to him that he was the author. The soldier was incredulous, but when they arrived at the place of destination, a song book happened to be lying open in the room, and on the open page was "Sweet Home," with Mr. Payne's name affixed as its author.

When he was released, and returned to Mr. Ross's, he called immediately on us, and related this, among other circumstances. My husband and family had been ejected from our home in Georgia, and were then living in a little open cabin on the Tennessee side, till we could erect a comfortable building. I love to think of Mr. Payne's familiar visits, while living in this lowly style. He would take tea with us, when I was obliged to set my table under a tree in the dooryard. He would make some pleasant remark about my spacious dining saloon, and when the cloth was removed, and we were seated for conversation, would speak of the ease with which it could be converted into a drawing-room. He was particularly fond of our children, calling our daughters his little foresters, and when our sons were sent East to school, he always met them as an old friend, performing many acts of kindness toward them.

His last letter to us was when he was under appointment as Consul to Tunis. We were pained to hear of his death, and when notice was given of the intention of raising a subscription for erecting a monument to his memory, I have desired to cast in the "widow's mite."—*Correspondence of the New York Observer.*

THE PULPIT EXHIBITING ON THE STAGE.

Spurgeonism has a deal to answer for. Comic sermons with comic illustrations are fast taking possession of the pulpit. Joe Miller in a surplice is a kind of profane surplusage that, we think the funniest fast man would have the good taste to object to. To prove to the reader how far and wide is spreading this morbid desire to create a vacant laugh, in places that laughter should be reverently banished from, we give the following extract, that is taken from *Aris's Gazette*:—

THE FUNNY PULPIT.—The Rev. A. Mursell has lectured at Manchester, the last two Sunday afternoons, on 'Stand at Ease' and 'Lodgings to Let.' This is going quite far enough out of the beaten track. The titles of some of the lectures are open to positive objection on account of their flippancy. Thus at Huddersfield, the Rev. J. Hanson has been lecturing from [illegible] of Promise,' and at Halifax, the Rev. W. [illegible] has taken as subjects 'Love's Labor Lost,' and 'Light of Other Days.'

They will be trying "All Serene" next; or endeavoring to terrify the old women with the prospect of certain after-punishments in the shape of "I'll warn you, now." These clerical buffoons do not see, perhaps, that by accepting this "comic line" of business—and the vulgar are always too ready to laugh at any little bit of [illegible] profanity—that they are putting themselves into direct opposition to our favorite comedians. How would they like, as the people were coming out of church, overhearing some high-spirited young gentleman, slapping his pet-legs, exclaim, "By Jove! Al. Mursell made me roar, regularly roar, this afternoon—but after all I doubt if he is equal to Buckstone." Would the ears of the Rev. J. Hanson tingle with pride or confusion, if the following comparison was accidentally shot into them? "I say, wasn't Old Jim prime this evening? How I did scream to be sure! but still, you know, give me Sir William Don—*he's* the [illegible] for my money." Wouldn't these facetious [illegible], whose names belong by rights to a play-bill, [illegible] shocked with these familiar juxtapositions of [illegible] merits? Allow [illegible] to run riot with [illegible], and the next thing will be to dress them in character; or perhaps comic songs will be [illegible] into the service. It is all misplaced—just as [illegible] as a prayer delivered between the acts by Robson would be. We seriously object to these imitations of Spurgeon, on whom, we are afraid, rests the responsibility of having brought such a large shoal of mock Spurgeons into many a fold of our Church. If the [illegible] are offensive in the first degree, they become, [illegible] the copies [illegible] second-hand, offensive beyond [illegible]. The [illegible] are more fit for a place of [illegible] than a place of worship, and should only be [illegible] in a [illegible] that was [illegible] by the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that had been [illegible] by a bishop.—*London paper.*

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WHAT IS THE REASON
That Bowel Complaints, Billious attacks,
Fevers and Diarrhoea, are not wholly
eradicated from our midst? Simply because the unfailing remedy for those
complaints is not kept on hand in every
household in these
UNITED STATES, as in EUROPE!
This remedy acts immediately on the part
affected; it goes directly to the seat of the
disease, and when its healing mission is
complete, the body is left in the full glow
of health, and free from the invariable
costiveness which succeeds the use of drugs
and patent medicine poisons. This heaven-sent benefaction to the human race is the
discovery of that
[illegible] FRENCH CHEMIST, LEROUX.
After many years' study and research, he,
by accident mainly, met with a certain essence
which possesses extraordinary healing powers
in ailments consequent on deranged
digestive organs; this he compounded with
the purest and most delicious brandy, and named it
THE CORDIAL COGNAC BITTERS.
These Bitters have an agreeable taste, as thousands in
the States can now testify, using them rather as an
ordinary drink than as a medicine. Their healing
properties exert themselves within five minutes, and
speedily eradicate the complaint. They are of infallible
efficacy in all and every of the following diseases:
DIARRHŒA.
CHOLERA.
FEVERS.
AGUE.
COLIC.
BILIOUS ATTACKS.
BLUES.
Large consignments have been forwarded during
the past year into the Western States, and
their healing virtues were found to be
triumphantly successful, in withstanding the
ravages of Yellow Fever in the cities of
NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.
The Choice Cordial Cognac Bitters may be
obtained of the Sole Agent and Importer,
S. STEINFELD, No. 70 Nassau street, N. Y. City,
both wholesale and Retail. Also, of all
respectable Druggists throughout the States.
NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT THEM!

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If he sells cheaper by the dozen, see that I have the benefit of it. Yours truly, M. BALLARD.

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